

See 16th Page For a Few of the Funniest Faces Sent in by Readers.

W A N D Y

DAYS



somehow. He knew that it was of no avail to shut off the throttle. To stop was to be consumed.

For if there was no track under them, the train would go to wreck anyway. If there was a track yet there, all the combined momentum and power of the locomotive was needed to drive through that fearful mass of fire which threatened to consume them.

So he acted upon what seemed to him in that brief moment the wisest course. To go back was impossible. To go ahead the only hope. He pulled the throttle clear open, and the driving wheels fiercely whirled in the fiery flood. Hanging to the cab seat, Dick was for a time in complete chaos of sound and sight, and seemed like to stifle.

Great sheets of flame were driven clear over the cab by the powerful wind, blinding him so that he could not see ahead. It was like taking a long dive into Inferno. Madder and madder waxed the fiery contest.

The men looked at Dick incredulously and Clark cried:

"Where is Dan?"

Dick pointed to the opposite cab seat. Astounded, they pressed forward, and Clark lifted the covering from the old engineer's face.

"Dead!"

For a few moments they stood there aghast; then they looked at Dick.

The young engineer was not leading them. His face was pressed to the cab window, and his hand was yet firm on the throttle.

Clark, the conductor, leaned forward and shouted:

"Dick Mains, how did old Dan give up?"

"He dropped all at once."

"Heart disease! He has made his last trip. Did he run the train through that fire, or was it you?"

"I did!"

The three men exchanged glances. Then the conductor said:

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Not one but felt that he owed his life to the brave young apprentice. So around the engine cab they thronged.

Dick modestly tried to leave out of sight.

ING AMERICANS

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No. 6

DICK, THE APPRENTICE BOY; OR, BOUND TO BE AN ENGINEER.

A Thrilling Story of Railroad Life.

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN.



Great sheets of flame were driven clear over the cab by the powerful wind, blinding him so that he could not see ahead. It was like taking a long dive into Inferno. Madder and madder waxed the fiery contest through which the endangered train was so swiftly flying, that the woodwork could not so easily ignite.

FRANK Chas. KNIGHT
Novels, Bought and Sold
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BELL PHONE, RIDGE 349 X

Dick, the Apprentice Boy.

By PERCY S. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.
THE APPRENTICE.

"Yes, I've been twenty years in a locomotive cab. In that time I've seen many a thrilling incident—many a hair-breadth escape," said old Dan Roby, the veteran engineer of the Danton and Woodville Railroad. "I've served my time out. The day is not far distant when old Dan must quit and some of you younger men will come to the front."

As he spoke the bluff old driver, who was well known through all the great West, placed a hand upon the shoulder of handsome Dick Mains, a lad of some eighteen years who was of humble station but aspiring mind, for his one great ambition was to be able to run a locomotive on the fast express.

He felt sure of his ability to do so quite skillfully, but alas! it is the decree of every well regulated railroad that a man must first serve his apprenticeship ere he can hope to drive an engine.

This is both just and proper, for the position of engineer in these days of lightning express trains is entailed with a responsibility which no greenhorn could hope to assume.

Thousands of human lives are annually placed under the steady hand and cool nerve of the engineer.

To make a curve, take a flying switch, brake on a grade, all requires not alone experience, but a natural aptitude.

Dick Mains' whole soul entered into this ambition. Indeed, so straightforward and so zealous was he that every one on the line was interested in him and stood ready to give him all the assistance in their power.

Dick Mains was a waif—that is, nothing positive was known of his origin.

People in Danton knew that he had no living parents to his knowledge—at least, this was the story of Widow Sarah Mains, who had been a mother to Dick from tender years.

Mrs. Mains had formerly lived in Baltimore, and at one time her husband was a very wealthy man.

But he died and left her with a child scarcely a year old—a girl baby, who grew up to be a stately and beautiful girl, Alice Mains.

While Alice was yet a baby and Mrs. Mains was grieving for her husband, one night a little wanderer was left upon her doorstep. Unable to locate the parents of the child, Mrs. Mains took pity upon it and became a mother to homeless, friendless Dick Mains.

Mrs. Mains had been left with but a small income, and this necessitated her moving into a smaller place. Hence her abode in Danton, the smart Western town.

Dick had early acquired mechanical tastes. Half his time was spent in the yards of the railroad company. When he left school it was therefore but natural that he should seek employment there.

Mr. Caleb Winston, President of the D. and W., at once gave him a small position in the yard.

Gradually working his way up Dick became fireman on a switch engine and consequently was an engineer's apprentice.

Such aptitude did he show in this that once when Pete Block, the engineer, was sick Dick ran the engine just as faithfully for a week.

His work was so satisfactory that old Dan Roby, the crack driver of the road, said to President Winston:

"I tell ye that boy is cut out for a fast driver. He'll git there and don't you forget it! I'm interested in him."

"Well," said Mr. Winston, earnestly, "if that is the case he shall have a chance."

"That's right, sir; he deserves it."

"But I fear he is too young to put on the main line yet."

"He's got an old head. It ain't allers a question of age, but of capability."

"You are right, Dan. As I said before, the boy shall have a chance."

And President Winston meant what he said. Scarcely a week had elapsed before Dick was promoted to become the assistant of the crack engineer Dan Roby, or in other words his fireman.

Old Dan and young Dick were friends at once. The veteran engineer took a great interest in his protege.

The words uttered at the opening of our story by Dan Roby occurred in the round-house, in the presence of President Winston and several of the officers of the road who had been inspecting the engines.

Old Sixty-six, the crack engine, was breathing laboriously upon the turntable ready to answer the master hand at the throttle.

The day was intensely warm and sultry. For several weeks a fearful drought had existed, and much damage had been done by forest fires. But as yet there was no report of harm to the railroad which was in

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COUPON No. 5

WILL APPEAR

In the Next Number.

peril as it ran for miles through the thickest of forest which existed in that part of Minnesota.

Word had been dispatched down the line, and this was what old Dan was waiting for, namely an answer. At this very moment it came.

A tall, athletic young man, with a handsome face bounded into the round-house. He was Hardy Davis, the telegraph operator.

"All right!" cried Hardy. "So far as is known the fire has not reached the main line and all is clear."

There was a moment's pause. Old Dan had stepped to the cab of his engine. But Winston said:

"Have you called up every station on the line?"

"I have, sir," replied the operator. "It is reported that the Long Woods are ablaze but the flames are driving away from the railroad."

Mr. Winston was a trifle pale as he turned to old Dan.

"You understand, Roby," he said, "that you must clear the track between here and Lawson Station in two hours, or you will not be able to side track for the special. That is one hundred miles. If you meet the fire in Long Woods you must look out and not get trapped."

Old Dan laughed.

"That is only fifty miles an hour!" he cried. "I can run sixty—"

"Ah, but—the fire and—"

"I know what you mean!" cried old Dan. "You fear that the forest fire will hem us in. Well, if it does, old Dan will know it and keep his eyes open. He's not afraid to go anyway. As for the boy here—"

The engineer paused and placed a hand on Dick's arm.

"Lad, if ye're the least bit afeard, ye kin stay at home!"

Dick's eyes flashed.

"Afraid!" he cried in trumpet tones, "the man who knows fear can never become a good engineer."

Those in the round-house cheered this manly speech, and President Winston looked his keen pleasure.

The engineer and his young apprentice sprang into the cab of Sixty-Six.

The express train was waiting on the siding, and Sixty-Six quickly coupled on and backed down to the main station.

There a crowd of anxious passengers were waiting to board the train.

All were well aware of the great risk to be encountered from the forest fire, and not a few hesitated about undertaking the trip.

But all were anxious to get to their destination, and this weighed so heavily in the scales that scarcely one refrained from getting aboard.

There was an unusually grim expression on old Dan's face, and Dick fancied that he was a trifle pale. Also the young apprentice noted that as he was about to open the throttle, he seemed for a moment to falter.

Old Dan turned to Dick and said in a singularly constrained and earnest way:

"I have a queer feeling, lad. Somehow there's a bit of risk in all this. Tell me, will ye speak last words fer me to my woman and the baby boy if anything happens to me?"

"Yes," replied Dick, and something like a lump came into his throat. He could say no more but already old Dan was at the cab window and the train was flying over the switches on its way out of Danton.

And as the open country was reached, the extent of the terrible drought could be seen. The smoke hung in fearful clouds upon the air even to the zenith, and in the midst of all shone the sun like a blazing ball of red. Vegetation of all kinds was dry and dead, and ready to kindle into flame with the slightest encouragement.

On and on like the wind ran the express.

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FOR FOUR STROKES OF A PEN.

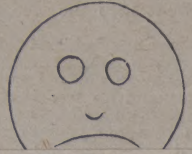
You will find on page 2 of this paper a blank circle.

See if you can make a funny face from it with only four strokes of a pen.

We will give the following prizes to our readers who send us the funniest face

\$50.00 For the Funniest Face.

\$25.00 " " 2nd Funniest.



Cut out this Coupon and send it to Art Editor, "Happy Days," 34 and 36 North Moore Street, N. Y.

Old Dan grim and resolute hung to the cab window with one hand upon the lever.

Dick watched him with a sort of peculiar fascination. He felt no fear. His confidence was supreme.

He wondered if he would ever be able to run an engine like that? Would he ever be able to inspire others with that same confidence which only long experience and sterling merit could beget?

He hoped so. The boy was earnest, aye, deadly so. Even now he felt that he would almost like to be in that window seat with the same awful responsibility upon him.

On over the hot and glistening iron rails went the mad express. On and on, like a winged cyclops, or some other fearful monster of power and fire.

The heavy air surged over the cab roof and beat the smoke down so that it trailed under the drivers. Not fifty feet of the track could be seen ahead at times so dense was the smoky atmosphere.

And the sun like a huge inverted copper kettle hung in its brazen and pitiless heat over the land which had seemed changed from a region of smiling greenness and plenty to a parched desert.

Now old Dan was seen to straighten in his seat and pull the bell cord.

Clang—clang—clang! the notes were strangely distressed and shrill in the sultry air, then there was a flash of white, a momentary vision of cars and small station and Dick knew that they had passed Prides Crossing. They were forty miles from home.

Dick looked at the chronometer. They had run that forty miles in forty minutes. The young apprentice understood old Dan's purpose well. It was to gain time.

The young apprentice seized the shovel, and began to heave coal into the yawning pit of the furnace.

He worked like a beaver for a few moments. Even as his task was half completed the first tragic incident of the trip transpired.

Dick became conscious that the engine had leaped forward as if without a master. Also it seemed to him that he had heard a gasping cry.

Instantly he turned and beheld a sight which froze the blood in his veins. Lying across the sill of the cab window old Dan Roby was silent and limp.

His face was upturned, white, set and rigid. It was the face of a corpse. The veteran engineer was dead.

CHAPTER II.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

OLD Dan Roby's oft-expressed wish that he might die in the cab of his locomotive had been granted. It was a fitting and painless end.

The old engineer's life had gone out like a spark upon a sea of water. Extinguished in one flash of time.

Heart disease it was, and sudden. For a moment Dick, the boy apprentice, was so overwhelmed that he knew not what to do.

The engine and train were running wild. No guiding hand was at the throttle or brake valve.

The slightest swerve, the smallest of curves might cause her to leave the iron rails unless she was steadied.

But for a moment Dick thought of nothing but his horror and his grief.

For he loved the old engineer as a father. Indeed he had been over kind to Dick.

"Oh, Dan!" he shrieked, springing up in horror. "What has happened? Are you ill? Oh, God, he is dead—dead!"

Then in the paroxysm of his grief Dick rushed forward and threw his arms about old Dan's neck. He drew him from the sill and laid him out limp and lifeless upon the cushion.

Then he saw that he was past earthly aid. Dick was unused to death, but as he gazed upon that pallid face in the dim light of the brazen day, he grew calmer and stronger.

Then a realization of his surroundings came to him.

He acted upon what he knew was the one and only way. With all his strength he lifted the corpse to the opposite side of the cab.

Then he sat in that seat where old Dan had sat but a moment before. He placed a hand upon the brake valve. A curve was ahead.

The mighty responsibility was upon him. He was face to face with it and never the one to shrink. His manhood came to the front.

And there hanging to his post with true grit, Dick, the apprentice, ran the great locomotive, just as steady, just as fast and as true as had the old engineer. No one aboard the train dreamed of that tragic event in the cab.

On and on, faster and faster ran the express.

Dick knew he must make Lawson station in time to side track for the special.

He felt sure of doing so now, for full seventy-five miles of the hundred and twenty were run and each mile had averaged but a minute.

There was therefore time to allow for an unsafe part of the road. This he did not anticipate.

Yet Long Woods was ahead of him and possibly afire. If he should pass through that dreaded gauntlet in safety all would be well.

The country hereabouts was fearfully wild and lonely.

There were long stretches of dense woods, gloomy cuts and heavy grades. A long curve hove in view.

Dick knew that beyond that was the dangerous forest. Instinctively he placed a steady hand upon the throttle, for he thought he saw the gleam of flame ahead.

It was a swift down grade, however, and just as the curve was reached Dick became aware of a thrilling fact.

Long woods were afire. Far over the tree tops he saw the mighty volume of smoke, and even despite the noise of the train, he heard the thunder of the flames.

With a steady hand upon the throttle now, Dick ran some miles into the forest. The further he went the stronger became his belief that the fire was some distance away, that it had not reached the main line yet, and that the track ahead was clear.

This would enable him to make the passage of Long Woods in safety. But suddenly upon looking back down the track over which they were flying, he beheld a startling fact.

The fire must have traveled with race horse speed, for the entire track was a wall of flame, and speeding after the flying train with the wings of the wind.

From this position Dick could also now see that the fire seemed to extend for miles ahead through the woods. He turned sick and faint. It looked most dubious.

He did not fear the fire in his rear catching him. But should the flames descend upon the track ahead of him—his heart stood still. The awful contingency had arisen. Rounding a curve the young engineer saw the fire sweeping down upon the track. What was to be done? To go back was suicide. There was but a moment to decide. Dick set his teeth and drove straight ahead. The next moment fire was all about.

Into the awful flood of flame the train shot like a mighty avalanche. Fire in a literal sheet hung over the cab of the engine. Dick knew that only speed would save the train from catching fire.

He could see nothing. He only knew that they were plunging on madly somewhere,

somehow. He knew that it was of no avail to shut off the throttle. To stop was to be consumed.

For if there was no track under them, the train would go to wreck anyway. If there was a track yet there, all the combined momentum and power of the locomotive was needed to drive through that fearful mass of fire which threatened to consume them.

So he acted upon what seemed to him in that brief moment the wisest course. To go back was impossible. To go ahead the only hope. He pulled the throttle clear open, and the driving wheels fiercely whirled in the fiery flood. Hanging to the cab seat, Dick was for a time in complete chaos of sound and sight, and seemed like to stifle.

Great sheets of flame were driven clear over the cab by the powerful wind, blinding him so that he could not see ahead. It was like taking a long dive into Inferno. Madder and madder waxed the fiery contest through which the endangered train was so swiftly flying, that the woodwork could not so easily ignite.

The chances of leaving the track were many. But the young engineer felt beneath him the vibration which told him that the locomotive was yet on the iron.

The most awful chances were against its remaining so. The least obstruction, a fallen tree, or consumed sleeper, or heated rail, would throw the train instantly. Dick put his head out as far as possible, but every now and then awful tongues of flame drove him back.

It was impossible to see much of the track ahead. Dick could scarcely breathe. Would they never get through that awful gauntlet?

The Long Woods were a fearful long stretch, and for aught Dick knew might be ablaze for the whole distance. Yet to go ahead was the only hope. Speed might beat the flames.

For an instant Dick thought of the passengers aboard the train. What must be their terror? How awful would be their fate should the flames overwhelm the train! The thought maddened him and he crowded on more steam.

To his dying day Dick Maines never forgot that awful ride. It had begun to seem as though the fire would win, when a draught of fresh air blew through the cab.

It was like a dose of the elixir of new life to the young engineer. It revived his fainting frame and drooping spirits.

For fresh air would seem to indicate that the termination of the fiery avenue was not far distant.

Suddenly the train dashed into an open space. Dick saw the track ahead for a hundred yards.

But beyond was another wall of flame. Into this the train shot like a lightning bolt.

But only for a moment did this new peril menace the young engineer. Once again came a draught of fresh air. Now Dick knew that the fire limit was near at hand.

And there ahead, joy, was the clear track once more. The next moment the express emerged from its fiery bath, and sped up a slight grade like a flying meteor.

The fire was left behind. The awful passage had been made. The cab was afire in several places, but Dick quickly extinguished this. The rest of the train was blackened, but not on fire, quite fortunately. A great revulsion swept over Dick Maines.

The tension upon nerve and brain had been so great that he was now almost as limp and weak as a rag.

He sat there in the cab window for some time, quite overcome. He was only dimly conscious of what was going on around him.

He could see the track ahead; his hand was yet firm on the brake valve, and the train was steady. With a master effort he recovered himself.

He knew from the slackened momentum that the steam was failing. He remembered that lack of fuel had greatly impaired the furnace fire.

So he summoned all his strength and picked up the long shovel.

Before him was the dead face of old Dan.

With a shiver Dick picked up his jacket and reverently covered the dead man's features.

Then he threw fresh coal in the furnace, opened afresh the draught, and almost instantly new steam began to make.

Then suddenly he heard voices and turned his head. Men were coming up over the coal in the tender.

There was the conductor, Sam Clark, express messenger Smith, and a brakeman. They hailed him as they came down into the cab.

"For the love of Heaven, boy, what have we been through? Was it the edge of Inferno?"

"No," replied Dick, coolly; "it was the forest fire in Long Woods."

"And we came through it without catching on fire?"

"Yes."

The men looked at Dick incredulously, and Clark cried:

"Where is Dan?"

Dick pointed to the opposite cab seat. Astounded, they pressed forward, and Clark lifted the covering from the old engineer's face.

"Dead!"

For a few moments they stood there aghast; then they looked at Dick.

The young engineer was not leading them. His face was pressed to the cab window, and his hand was yet firm on the throttle.

Clark, the conductor, leaned forward and shouted:

"Dick Mains, how did old Dan give up?"

"He dropped all at once."

"Heart disease! He has made his last trip. Did he run the train through that fire, or was it you?"

"I did!"

The three men exchanged glances. Then the conductor said:

"Have you the confidence to run us safely into Lawson?"

"I have the confidence to take you to the end of the road!" said Dick, calmly.

"Have you confidence in me?"

Clark grasped the young apprentice's hand.

"Yes!" he shouted. "You were born to drive a locomotive. Take us clear through, Dick. You will get well repaid for this plucky day's work!"

Dick's whole being thrilled with these words of praise. But at this moment a new factor appeared on the scene.

Over the coal clambered another man. Down into the cab he came scowling fiercely.

All instinctively turned to face him.

"David Ducrow!" exclaimed Clark, in surprise. "What brought you out here?"

The newcomer's bloated face was ugly and villainous in its expression.

"I came out to see what in the devil all the row was about!" he growled. "Who is the man who risked the lives of all of us in such a foolhardy feat as the passing through those blazing woods?"

For a moment oppressive silence ensued. It was like a red hot bomb thrown into the engine cab, for Dick Mains knew that he had done the only wise and possible thing to save the train.

CHAPTER III.

DUROW MAKES A DEMAND.

DAVID DUROW had spoken in a tone of authority. His right to do this was in a measure warranted.

He was the wealthiest man in the State and the largest stockholder in the D. and W. road. Indeed, it had been many times hinted that Ducrow would yet own the whole road.

Clark nor the others dared not demur at this new and perhaps unjust view Ducrow had taken of Dick's daring and wonderful feat.

Only Dick turned and faced the broker very calmly:

"I think I can answer that question," he said.

"Well!" roared the broker. "Let's have your answer!"

"I saved the lives of all on this train by running through that fire. I saved yours as well. I was hemmed in, and it was safer to go ahead than to turn back."

Ducrow's face was purple.

"Saved mine!" he howled. "Why, you young fool, you had no business to go into the fire. You had simply to hold back; I've a mind to throw you out of this cab!"

Dick's eyes flashed. He would have answered hotly, but the swaying of the cab was evidence of a dangerous curve. He clung to the brake valve to steady the train around this. Before he could turn again Ducrow had seen the form of old Dan lying on the cab seat.

He advanced and lifted the covering from the dead engineer's face. One moment he gazed unconcernedly at the corpse.

Then he turned and growled:

"I will see, sir, that you never step foot into the cab of another locomotive on this railroad!"

With which savage assertion Ducrow went back over the tender to the baggage car. When the door had closed behind him, Dick turned to the cab window to hide the tears which were welling up in his eyes. His feelings were sorely injured.

That deed which he had hoped would be regarded as at least faithful performance of duty had been stamped as a flagrant violation of good judgment and right. His heart was full.

But Clark, the conductor, echoed the sentiments of his companions as he stepped forward and spoke in Dick's ear:

"Don't you mind that old wretch. He's nothing but an old coward and a malicious rascal. He don't own this whole road, nor can he discharge you. The whole country will go against him!"

The siding at Lawson now hove into view. Dick made the switch, and as the train came to a stop the passengers flocked out of the cars in a body.

The story of the daring work of the young apprentice had traveled through the train like wild fire. Public sentiment was at fever heat.

All wanted to see the eighteen year old boy who had been so brave as to take the dead engineer's place and guide the train through that fearful gauntlet of death, in blazing Long Woods.

Not one but felt that he owed his life to the brave young apprentice. So around the engine cab they thronged.

Dick modestly tried to keep out of sight. But after old Dan's body had been removed to the baggage car, the passengers drew him to the cab door and cheered him wildly, and insisted each upon taking his hand.

One of the zealous passengers started a subscription purse, and it quickly reached the total of three hundred dollars. This was thrust into Dick's hand.

No doubt this was gall and wormwood to David Ducrow, who strode savagely up and down trying in vain to find somebody who would unite with him in condemning the young engineer.

The Lawson special now came booming along the main line. But she was flagged and held, for it was not deemed safe to risk the forest fire or go ahead until after the flames had ceased their work.

So both trains went on to Woodville. Here they waited until the next day. In twelve hours the fire had passed, and the track was quickly put in repair so that the trains could pass over it.

At Woodville the report of how Dick had taken the train through had spread rapidly, and many were the congratulations Dick came in for.

Dick remained by Old Sixty-Six, and a stoker came from the yard to assist him upon the homeward run, which was made the next day in safety and on time.

The telegraph had carried the news of Dick's exploit to Danton. The young apprentice was very popular there and the ovation he received was a tremendous one.

Indeed, President Winston and his pretty daughter Janet met Dick on the platform, and the railroad manager gripped his hands warmly and cried:

"You are a hero, Dick Mains. I knew you would succeed."

"You do me too much honor," said Dick, modestly.

"I congratulate you, Dick," said Janet, in a low, sweet voice. "You did bravely."

Dick's whole being seemed on fire. To him Janet Winston was the most lovely being on earth, and those words from her were golden to him.

"Come into the office, Dick," said President Winston, earnestly. "I want to talk with you."

Dick modestly complied. He sat in a chair in the presence of the magnate and his daughter.

"Dick, it is your ambition to run an engine?" asked Winston.

"It is, sir!" replied Dick.

"Do you feel sufficient confidence to go out on the main line yet? You know you are rather young?"

"I would rather not say, sir!" replied Dick, modestly. "I do not seek any promotion which I cannot honestly win."

President Winston smiled with pleasure. But Janet laughed.

"You are too modest, Dick!" she said. "Of course he is competent to go on the main line, father. Has he not proved it well?"

"Ay, that he has!" cried the railway magnate. "I am satisfied. Yet it may not be well to make the advancement too rapidly. Dick, I shall appoint you as special substitute engineer for awhile with full pay."

"Oh, sir!" cried Dick, joyfully "you are too kind."

"No more than you deserve," said Winston, and then came an interruption. The door of the office opened.

A man stood on the threshold. He glanced from Janet to Dick in an evil, ugly manner, and then at Winston. Then he lifted his hat to Janet.

"Pardon me if I intrude," said Ducrow, for he it was, "but my business is important, and the parties I wish to see are present."

"Indeed!" said Winston, tersely, "this is my busy day, Mr. Ducrow. What is it?"

Ducrow glanced at Janet and then at Dick. There was a jealous gleam in his greenish eyes. Secretly he had hoped to win the good graces of the president's daughter. But Janet had always repelled him.

"Particularly my errand concerns this young upstart!" said Ducrow, flashing a savage glance at Dick. "I was a passenger on that train yesterday which this irresponsible youth ran so recklessly. I do not consider that he is a safe man to have in the employ of this road, and I demand his immediate discharge."

The astonishment of Winston was intense. Janet's eyes flashed indignantly.

"Mr. Ducrow," said the railway magnate, "you are the first person who has

chosen to regard this young man's brave act in that light."

"And it was a brave act!" flashed Janet, warmly. "If you were a man of fair and logical principles, Mr. Ducrow, you would at once say so!"

"Miss Winston, you surprise me by defending a common engineer in your father's employ!" retorted Ducrow. "You forget your dignity!"

Dick would have faced the villain for his insulting words, but Mr. Winston was upon his feet.

"Hold!" he cried, "this is my affair! By what right, David Ducrow, do you demand the discharge of this young man?"

"I am the largest stockholder in this road."

"Do you think that gives you the right to dictate who and who shall not remain in the employ of this company?"

"What better right is there? Take care, Caleb Winston, or your election will be rescinded at the next meeting of the directors. Now I not only ask, but I demand that this reckless young upstart shall be discharged!"

For a moment the two men faced each other.

"David Ducrow," said Mr. Winston, "I think I can see the animus of your demand. It is for personal reasons. You may hold a great balance of power in your hands as concerns this company, but I am yet its president, and in my department my authority is supreme, and enables me to defy you. I will not grant your demand to discharge this young man. He is still in the employ of this railroad!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LITTLE FUN.

Church Usher—Please leave your umbrella in this rack. Worshiper (dazed)—But this umbrella is a silk one.

Teacher—Jimmy, in the sentence "The fire is low make it burn," what punctuation mark is needed? Practical Pupil—Colon.

Nurse—Doctor! doctor! By mistake I gave the baby a teaspoonful of ink instead of medicine! Doctor—Well, make him eat a blotter right away.

"Do you enjoy going to school?" asked the youth's uncle. "Yes, sir. I enjoys goin' all right. It's sittin' still in school after I get there that I don't like."

Visitor—So your brother is taking lessons on the violin? Is he making progress? Little Girl Yes'm. He's got so now we can tell whether he is tuning or playing.

Doctor—Did you give him that opiate I prescribed? Patient Wife—Every two hours, doctor. It was hard work to wake him up to take the medicine, though.

Customer—Now tell me the truth, young man; have you any honest butter? New Clerk—None except the goat out in the back yard. He is the only honest butter around here.

Mrs. De Neat (reprovingly)—I put a cake of soap on your washstand nearly three months ago, and it's as large now as it was then. Small Son—Y-e-s, mamma, I'm—I'm keepin' it to remember you by.

"I should like to know what business that policeman has in my kitchen every night in the week?" said the mistress. "Please, mum, I think he's suspicious of me neglectin' me work or somethin'," said the cook.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The highest inhabited place in the world is the custom house of Ancomarca, in Peru, 16,000 feet above the sea.

A whale's throat is so small that you could choke it with your fist, and he feeds on the smallest things in the sea.

In Turkey the house in which a man lives cannot be seized for debt, and sufficient land must be left him to serve for his support.

Berlin had 6,500 Jews in 1840, 30,000 in 1870 and 75,000 in 1890. It is estimated that they own 46 per cent. of all the houses in that city.

A frog cannot breathe with its mouth open. Its breathing apparatus is so arranged that when its mouth is open its nostrils are closed.

When the new electric railway line, now in process of construction between Chicago and St. Louis, is finished, passengers will be transported between the two cities at the rate of 100 miles an hour, if present plans succeed.

An ingenious device for smuggling was detected in Russia not long ago. A great number of false bank notes had been put into circulation within the dominions of the Czar. They could only have been imported, and although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no trace of the smuggling of false notes was discovered. Accident, however, at last brought the mystery to light. It happened that several cases of lead pencils arrived one day from England, and while being examined one of them fell out from a package, and the custom house officer, picking it up, cut it to a point and used it to sign the order which delivered up the pencils to the consignee. He kept the pencil for his own use, and a few days afterward he pointed it again and found that there was no more lead. He cut still further, and was surprised to find a thin roll of paper nested in the hollow place where the lead was supposed to be. The paper was one of the false notes, and in this way they had been smuggled into the country.

[This story commenced in No. 3.]

The Boss of the Boat Club;

OR,

DICK DASHWELL'S SCHOOLDAYS.

By FRANK FORREST,

Author of "The Prince of Rockdale School," "Expelled from School; or, the Rebels of Beechdale," "The Boy Schoolmaster," "Dick Dashaway's Schooldays," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X. INTO A TRAP.

"It's gone!"
"Yes, but where?"
"Blest if I know."
"Same here."
"It went down."
"Seemed to me it just vanished."
"Don't give a blame how it went, Dick; so long as it don't come back again I'm satisfied to have it go."

Thus spoke Clint Tibbetts as he and Dick Dashwell stood in the doorway peering into the kitchen of the old house on Dungeon Rock.

For the ghostly figure in white had vanished as suddenly as it had appeared. To the credit of the two Baymouth boys be it said, they held their ground.

Startled they may have been for the moment, but now they walked into the kitchen as boldly as though nothing unusual had occurred.

"It's a blessed fake of some kind," said Dick.

"Of course it is."
"What worries me is the fear that we may run into a trap."

"What kind of a trap?"

"What's to hinder this being the place where those scoundrels hang out?"

"Might be. Can't tell."

"That's the trouble."

"You don't suppose any of 'em escaped, Dick?"

"I shouldn't wonder if they all did."

"Hope to heavens the fellows did. It makes me sick to think that all this is my fault."

And Clint sighed deeply.

He seemed very repentant just then.

Dick felt that there would be no trouble in getting the truth from him about all these mysterious happenings.

But he concluded to wait before pressing Clint.

"It won't do to be too chummy with him," he thought. "Let him talk when he gets ready to talk. I ain't going to crowd him to speak."

The next half hour kept the boys busy.

A roaring fire was built on the open hearth, plenty of wood being found in the shed outside.

Previous to this every room in the old house was visited.

The rooms were all furnished in the old time fashion.

Some of them looked as though they had been recently occupied.

Certainly there was a lack of dust and desolation which one would naturally expect to find in a house like this.

Nothing more was seen of the ghostly shape which had so startled them.

By the time the boys had stripped off their clothes and dried them before the open fire and put them on again they began to question the plain evidence of their own senses, and wonder whether they had seen the ghost at all.

"I suppose we've got to stay here till morning," grumbled Clint.

"Don't see what else we can do," replied Dick.

"Hark!"

"What?"

"Thought I heard a cry outside."

"Blest if it ain't! There it goes again."

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

Distinctly they heard voices shouting.

The sound seemed to come from the Gooseneck.

"It's some of the fellows as sure as fate!" cried Dick.

They hurried down to the edge of the rock near the place where they had ascended.

"I see them!" exclaimed Dick, looking down.

There were two dark forms crouching on the rocks below.

"Hello!" shouted Dick—"hello!"

"Hey, you fellows down there!" cried Clint in the same breath.

The dark forms were upon their feet in an instant.

"Dick—Dick, is that you?" called the largest of the pair.

"Tom Crocker, by George!" cried Dick, jubilantly.

"You bet! Hooray! Oh, Dick, I thought you were dead!"

"Not much! Who've you got with you?"

"Pete Mulford! Who's up there with you?"

"Clint Tibbetts."

"Hooray!" shouted Pete.

"Come up why don't you?" called Clint.

"Can we get up there?" asked Tom.

"We did," said Dick.

Pete followed him from the room, and they went up-stairs.

They had no sooner departed than Tom looked meaningfully at Dick Dashwell.

"Did you see it?" he whispered.

"If you mean the wink Clint gave Pete Mulford, I did."

"There ain't any mistake about it. He wanted to get Pete away from us."

"He did."

"I don't like it."

"Nor I. He's hatching up some plot."

"Don't it strike you that Clint knows more about this house than he is willing to let on?"

"I own up I thought so; but then—"

"Well?"

"He couldn't have known that he was coming here to-night."

"What's the reason he couldn't? How do we know he wasn't heading for here when those fellows on the tug caught him?"

"That's so."

It had no effect whatever on the light upon the wall.

"Come on, we must look into this," he breathed.

For, though it was only a light, somehow he did not feel like approaching it alone.

Together they cautiously went up to it, but without being much the wiser.

"Strange what causes it," said Dick, placing his hand upon the wall.

A sharp click and a cry of terror from both boys followed.

Suddenly the floor seemed to give way beneath their feet.

There was no chance to make a move—no time to save themselves.

Down they went into the darkness.

Down—down—down!

CHAPTER XI.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

"BRING the prisoners here!"



NO. 1 AND HIS COMPANION STOOPED OVER TO PICK UP CLINT, FOR FASTENED TO THE LEGS OF EACH PRISONER WAS A HEAVY STONE. BUT THEY DID NOT GET HIM. SUDDENLY NO. 9 SPRANG UP IN THE BOAT, ALMOST UPSETTING IT. IN EACH HAND HE HELD A COCKED REVOLVER, COVERING THE PRECIOUS PAIR. "OVERBOARD WITH YOU!" HE SHOUTED.

"Then by gracious we can too!"

"Where are the other fellows?" shouted Clint.

"Blamed if I know," replied Pete; "we hain't seen nothing of 'em. We were on a door and just floated in here. We don't know no more about the rest than you do, but I am afraid they are all drowned."

It was a sad thought.

Unfortunately, however, it was the natural conclusion to come to.

Guided by Dick and Clint, Tom and Pete climbed to the top of the rock.

There was a good deal of talk and comparing of notes before Tom and Pete got their clothes dry, you may be very sure.

The situation was discussed in all its bearings.

Nearly an hour passed before any one suggested sleep.

It was Clint who first suggested it.

"Say, fellows, I'm dead tired. Guess I'll lie down on one of the beds up-stairs and get a nap," he said.

"I don't go to sleep in this place," declared Dick.

"Why not?"

"Don't like it, for one thing; we might have a chance to help some of the other fellows, for another."

"I'm afraid not now. It's gone past that."

"All the same I intend to keep awake."

"I'll stay with you," said Tom Crocker.

"Come on, Pete. You and I'll try it," said Clint.

He lighted a lamp, of which there were several on the dresser.

"Then that ghost business you were telling us about."

"Well, what of it?"

"It don't seem to disturb Clint as much as I should think it would."

"You might say the same of me."

"What do you think of it?"

"Don't know what to think of it. I ain't going to stay outside all night though, ghost or no ghost."

"Blamed if I think I should take it so coolly. Oh, Dick, this is a terrible affair."

Dick shuddered.

"It makes me sick to think of it," he murmured.

"Same with me. To think of all those fellows dead is enough—by gracious, Dick! Look there!"

"Where—what?"

"There—there! Against the wall!"

"I see! What in thunder is it?"

"A light!"

"Yes, yes! But what causes it?"

"Blest if I know."

It was a most singular phenomenon.

Right against the wall on the opposite side of the room was what appeared to be a ball of whitish light about as big as a man's head.

The boys stood staring at it for a moment in silence.

A strange feeling of horror seemed to have seized them.

"It can't be the reflection of the fire," breathed Dick at last.

"Nor of the lamp."

"We'll soon tell that."

Dick arose and shielded the lamp with his hand.

"All right, Cap, we're a-coming."

"There are only two. Where are the others? I was told there were four."

"Only two came down, Cap."

"Don't I see it! Where are the others, I say?"

"We had orders not to touch the others."

"Ha! And from who?"

"The grand mogul."

The masked man who occupied the chair upon the raised platform muttered something unintelligible.

Then until Dick Dashwell and Tom Crocker stood before him he said no more.

Evidently the word of the "Grand Mogul," whoever he may have been, was law with this evil band.

It was a strange situation for the two Baymouth boys.

They were in a cave.

On all sides were ragged stone walls, illuminated dimly by three flaring torches held in the hands of the masked figures, which crowded around.

Falling through the trap from the room above in the manner described, Dick and Tom had landed upon a feather bed at no great distance below.

Instantly a dozen hands came out of the darkness and seized them.

It was of no use to think of showing fight.

Without the slightest ceremony they were dragged forward toward the light which shone ahead.

This brought them into the cave.

Masked men came crowding about them.

From the first moment of his entrance Dick Dashwell caught sight of a tall mask-

CHAPTER XII.

NUMBER NINE.

ed figure sitting in an arm chair upon a natural platform of stone raised some three feet above the floor of the cave.

This man Dick at first thought was the leader from the way he spoke to the others.

But now, as he stood before him, he knew that there must be a still higher power among this gang of scoundrels, which had saved Clint Tibbetts and Pete Mulford from the fate which had befallen himself and Tom.

To Dick it all seemed like the lurid incidents of some sensational story.

It was hard for him to realize that it was real.

But the deep voice of the man upon the chair broke rudely in upon these thoughts.

"Boys, who are you?" he demanded, gruffly.

"Answer him, Dick. You do the talking," breathed Tom.

"We belong to the Baymouth Academy," said Dick stoutly.

"Your names?"

"I am Dick Dashwell—this is Tom Crocker."

"You were on the tug which burst her boiler on the bay to-night?"

"We were."

"How did you save yourselves?"

"We came ashore on a box."

"And your friends—who are they?"

"One is Clinton Tibbetts, the other Pete Mulford."

"Son of Col. Tibbetts of Baymouth?"

"Yes."

"Where are your friends now?"

"They were asleep up-stairs—at least they went up-stairs for the purpose of going to sleep."

"Any others of your party saved?"

"Don't know of any."

"It is well. Now then, young men, listen to me. We permit no one to enter the old house on Dungeon Rock."

"You may ask who we are and what we are here for."

"But were you to ask we would not tell you."

"You had your warning to keep out of that house, but you would not heed it. Now you must take the consequences."

"What warning did we have?" demanded Dick, bravely.

"Why ask? Didn't we show you something which would have sent the average boy to the right about face?"

"You mean the ghost?"

"Call it what you like."

"There was nowhere else for us to go. We had to—"

"Stop! No more of this! You have brought your fate upon yourselves, and as for your friends they shall share it. Grand Mogul or no Grand Mogul, I'm not going to take my chances of having our secrets given away to a lot of school boys, not if I know it. Number one! Number three! Here!"

As he thus spoke, the man in the chair seemed to work himself up into a rage.

He leaped to his feet as he uttered these last words.

Immediately two of the masks stepped out and stood before the platform.

"Bring those two fellows down here!" he shouted. "Bring 'em quick!"

"There'll be trouble if you do that, cap," growled one of the men.

"What do you mean by dictating to me?" shouted the leader of the masks. "I tell you the Grand Mogul himself shan't do it! Obey or take the consequences! Begone!"

The two masks immediately retreated from the cave.

For some ten minutes not a word was spoken.

The masks stood as motionless as statues.

It was so still in the cave that one might have heard a pin drop.

At last the silence was broken by the return of No. 1 and No. 3.

They came dragging after them Clint Tibbetts and Pete Mulford.

The two boys seemed frightened almost out of their senses.

Indeed Clint was blubbering like a regular baby.

"Don't touch me! I'm Col. Tibbetts' son!" he whined. "My father—"

"Shut up!" cried the mask on the chair, interrupting him, sternly. "I don't care who you are or what you are! I'm boss here!"

He sprang to his feet and leaped off the platform.

"Get out the boat!" he cried.

"No. 1! No. 4! No. 9! Ready! Take these boys out upon the Sound and chuck 'em overboard with stones to their heels! Lively now! Lively! In twenty minutes' time I don't want one of 'em alive!"

"You won't tie me without a fight, by gracious!" yelled Dick as three masked men sprang upon him.

Bliff!

Down went one.

Whack!

Down went another.

Thud!

The third dropped.

And all by Dick Dashwell's hand.

"All ready?"

"All ready!"

"Then let her go!"

And the two boats shot from the cave.

Pulled by three men each, they moved steadily out upon Long Island Sound.

But although there were only three men pulling, there were five in each boat.

Two were prisoners.

In the forward boat lay Dick Dashwell and Clint Tibbetts.

In the rear one was Tom Crocker and Pete Mulford.

Thus it will be seen that Dick's brave fight had gone for nothing after all.

It was so.

Dick was speedily overpowered.

In a moment all four boys, bound hand and foot, were lying upon the floor of the cave.

Active work on the part of the masks followed.

It was performed almost in silence.

The boys were dragged through to the water's edge, for the cave opened upon the Sound.

Here there were several boats drawn up upon the sandy floor of the cave.

It was easy to be seen that no one boat was large enough to accommodate all four prisoners.

The leader of the masks immediately ordered three others to man the second boat.

These were designated by numbers as those chosen in the cave had been.

The boat in which Dick and Clint lay lead as they pulled out of the cave.

"Blame this fog! It won't be safe for us to venture very far," said one of the masks in Dick's boat as they pulled out of the cave.

It was very foggy, that was certain.

This in spite of the fact that it had been perfectly clear but a short time before.

"We don't want to go out very far as you say," answered another.

"Tain't necessary. We can do the job one place as well as another."

"Blame me if I can see the other boat now," said the first speaker.

"Right you are."

"Ain't this far enough?"

"We don't want them to come ashore with the tide, do we?"

"Of course not."

"Then we've got to get out further than this."

For about ten minutes they pulled steadily forward.

"Well, is this far enough?" demanded the first speaker breaking silence at last.

"I should say it was."

"What do you think about it, No. 9?"

"I should say that it was far enough," came the reply.

Dick and Clint heard this of course, as well as all the rest.

It gave hope where before all had been black despair to Dick.

For the voice of No. 9 was the voice of the one who had been the means of getting Dick Dashwell into all this trouble.

Dick kicked Clint slightly.

But perhaps Clint did not recognize the voice of Jack Ring.

But could it be Jack?

Dick wondered.

Only for a second.

"We'll do the job now!" said No. 1.

"Blame me if I'm going any further in this fog!"

Thud!

At the same instant there was a severe shock.

"Against a rock, by thunder!" cried No. 1.

"Ship your oars, boys, this won't do! Hey! hello, there! hello! Hello in the other boat."

There was no answer to the hail.

"Blame strange what's become of them fellows," cried No. 1.

"Never mind!" he added. "We'll dump our load now."

Clint began to blubber.

"Save me! Save me!" he whined. "Don't kill me! My father will pay any amount of money! I'm Colonel Tibbetts' son!"

"Don't care a blame whose son you are!" growled No. 1. "Over with him, boys!"

No. 1 and his companion stooped over to pick up Clint, for fastened to the legs of each prisoner was a heavy stone.

But they did not get him.

Suddenly No. 9 sprang up in the boat, almost upsetting it.

In each hand he held a cocked revolver, covering the precious pair.

"Overboard with you!" he shouted!

"Overboard! Quick! I've got the drop on you, jump or die!"

"What in thunder is this?" gasped No. 1.

"Who the blazes are you?" echoed No. 4.

"One you know to your cost already! Harry Hawk, the detective!" shouted Jack Ring's voice, from behind the mask. "I give you your choice. It's jump or die!"

"Jack! Jack! Don't kill them!" gasped Dick.

It was too terrible. In that thrilling moment Dick forgot his own danger.

But Jack—if Jack it was—did not heed them.

Crack!

He fired.

This was enough.

No. 1 leaped into the water.

Instantly No. 4 followed.

In doing so he managed to tip the boat so that it almost capsized.

"Great Scott! I'm with 'em!" Dick heard No. 9 gasp out.

He was gone like a flash.

The boat righted and shot off into the fog with its two helpless prisoners.

"Jack, Jack!" shouted Dick.

"Hello! I'm all right!" came the answer out of the mist.

"Swim for it, Jack! Swim for it!"

"Who is it, who is it?" cried Clint.

"Don't you know? Don't you recognize his voice? Oh, if we could only help him!"

groaned Dick.

"Jack Ring—the new boy?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, Clint, if he shouldn't get the boat!"

"Hello, hello!" came Jack's voice again.

"Call out Dick Dashwell. I'm swimming wild. I can't find the boat!"

"Here, here!" roared Dick.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

Suddenly four shots in quick succession rang out over the water.

"I'm a goner! I'm killed!" Jack's voice was heard to exclaim.

"God help us! We are lost!" groaned Dick.

Clint was crying like a baby.

Dick was paralyzed by the horror of the moment.

And Jack's voice was heard no more as the boat with its helpless occupants drifted on through the fog.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAVE YOU TRIED FOR THE FUNNY
FACE PRIZES? THOUSANDS OF OUR
READERS ARE TRYING THEIR SKILL.

Lost at the Pole:

OR,

The Secret of the Arctic Circle.

BY ALBERT J. BOOTH,

Author of "Adrift in the Sea of Grass,"
"Castaway Castle," "The Boy Pri-
vateer Captain," "The Mad Ma-
room," "A Monte Cristo at
Eighteen," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SOLEMN SCENE.

CAPTAIN UNDERWOOD did not return to the ship without taking a large proportion of the coal that he had left at the cave the previous day, as he knew its value and did not intend to sacrifice it on account of the treachery of the two sailors and the malevolence of Dalton and Shuttleworth.

He took his share of the work with the two boys and Ben, and tugged away at the load as though he had been only a sailor and not the master of a ship.

When they reached the vessel he sent Mr. Springer, Dodge, Harry, Joe Dobbs and another man to get the rest of the coal.

Phil and Jack were willing to make the extra trip, but the captain said that they had worked enough and must take a rest.

When the second party returned they brought with them the two deserters.

The captain reprimanded them severely, when one of them said:

"Excuse us, cap'n, but we didn't run away 'cause we wanted to. Two bears grabbed the provender and made off with it."

"And we chased 'em," said the other man, "and then they turned around and chased us, and we had to run for our lives."

"Don't attempt to cover your faults by lies," said the skipper, sternly. "You gave the provisions you stole to those two misguided men in the cave."

"No, sir, beggin' your pardon, we didn't, sir. The bears got it, and they'd have got us, too, if—"

"And yesterday you left the ship without permission, to take supplies to those two madmen."

"Why, sir, we didn't know it was any harm to leave the ship, 'cause nothin' was said agin it, and we didn't take no grub neither. We just went for a run over the ice."

"And were gone nearly all day," said the captain, angrily. "Hereafter you will not leave the ship without special orders, and your grog is cut off for a week."

"Yes, sir, but we didn't give nothin' to Mr. Carpenter, sir, 'cause he was in the cave and we was runnin' from—"

"That is enough," interrupted the cap-

tain. "Every time you speak it is to utter

more lies. Why did you not return to the ship when you escaped from the bears?"

"We met 'em near the cave," said the shipkeeper, "and they said they thought you were there."

"Go to the fore-castle," said Captain Underwood, "and remember my orders. At the first sign of disobedience you will be put down in the hold and kept there for a week."

The men went away, protesting their innocence, but the captain sternly silenced them, and went below to his own cabin.

The weather was too inclement for the next three days to admit of any one going more than a short distance from the ship, and the men amused themselves as best they might during that time.

The days were growing rapidly shorter, and it would not be long before there would be an almost complete darkness for several weeks.

If they had been further north they would have had a night of nearly six months, but in that latitude they would get only a twilight, losing the sun for a time, but not being in total darkness.

At last the captain determined to make another excursion to the cave, taking all except Jack, Harry and Joe Dobbs, the girls, of course, remaining behind.

When they reached the cave, they found the entrance completely walled up with rocks, blocks of ice, lumps of coal and snow.

Upon attempting to break through the barricade, they soon discovered that it would be the work of hours to destroy it, as it had evidently been built well into the entrance, with the intention of keeping out all intruders.

"There is another way in, sir," said Phil, "two, in fact, as Harry found one. I do not think that Dalton will venture very near the one that Jack and I found, as the guardian of the place will not be pleasant company for him."

"You mean your poor father?" asked the captain, gravely.

"Yes, sir."

"You would like his remains removed, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, or buried. Perhaps it would not be practicable to remove them to the ship, but if they could be buried somewhere near the spot where he died, I would be better satisfied."

"It shall be done. Let us go to the place at once. You know the way?"

"Yes, sir, but perhaps another day would do as well."

"No, we will go now."

Phil led the way and in an hour or two they reached the other entrance of the cave.

The storms had partly closed it up, but there was room for one to enter and this was soon increased so that an abundance of light and air could be let in.

Phil soon stood with bowed head before the remains of his father and said, gravely:

"If I cannot avenge your cruel death, my poor father, I can at least give you a Christian burial. I had not hoped to meet you thus, but it was God's will and I must not complain."

"Dig a grave in the cave," said the captain. "There must be some place where we can lay the poor man to rest."

They searched for some distance and at last well up in the cave found a spot where the floor was of earth instead of rock, and after considerable hard work succeeded in making a grave three or four feet deep when they struck the rock again and could go no further.

The remains of Captain Farnsworth were then lifted from the slab on which they lay and lowered into the grave.

"Farewell forever on this earth, dear father," said Phil, in a choking voice; "but I know that we shall meet again in a brighter better land."

The captain prayed simply and earnestly for a few minutes, his listeners standing about the open grave with bowed heads, the torches casting a weird light over the strange scene, while now and then an unrestrained sob was heard mingling with the sighing of the wind outside.

The prayer ceased, Phil took a last look at his dead father's face, and then, covering it with his handkerchief, turned away and wept silently while the grave was filled by the captain and his men.

Then all the loose stones that could be carried to the spot were laid over the grave till they made a pile five or six feet in height.

"There is no danger that this grave will be disturbed," said Phil, "and I will say for my father's murderer, that I wish him no such fate as that he visited upon his poor victim, to die alone and unfriended in this horrible wilderness of eternal snow and ice."

"You may forgive him, my lad," said Captain Underwood, "You may forego at least your just vengeance, but, so surely as we stand here, in the presence of our Maker, and with the memory of the solemn service we have just performed still influencing us, I believe that the murderer will not go unpunished."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A BRAVE BOY'S DEVOTION.

AFTER the last solemn rites had been administered over the remains of Captain Farnsworth, the party from the ship did not penetrate further into the cave but returned to the Spray at once.

Jack noticed the sober expression on his chum's face as soon as he saw him, and said:

"What is the matter, old man? What has happened? Has any one else been sacrificed to the—"

"No," said Phil, "but I have just come from the funeral of my father and I feel more serious than usual."

"Oh, I am sorry that I was not there, my old chum. I knew your father and both loved and respected him deeply. I would have been glad to give him a last token of regard."

"I know you would, Jack and you would have been there if—"

Phil suddenly stopped, feeling a warm but slight pressure upon his hand.

Looking down he saw Harry standing beside him, his eyes dim with tears.

The boy had heard his words and had crept silently up to tell him, in that simple movement, of the sympathy he felt.

"Thank you, laddie," said Phil, laying his free hand gently on the boy's shapely head. "You need not say anything. I understand."

Then, returning the kindly pressure of the boy's hand, Phil released it with a smile and said, as Harry went away:

"That little chap is one in a thousand, and his friendship is worth having. We must look out for him, Jack, if we ever get away alive from this place, for there's more manliness in him than in twenty ordinary boys."

"You have always had a good friend in him, Phil," said Jack, as the two walked towards their room. "I got it out of him somehow this afternoon that he had long suspected that Carpenter had sinister designs upon you, and that he had kept near you almost always that he might frustrate the man's evil purposes, even at the sacrifice of his own life."

"Noble little fellow!" murmured Phil. "I shall never forget his devotion. I knew he was brave and true but not to the full extent."

"He did not want to tell me, but I found it out and then he said that he hoped you would say nothing about it."

"Well, perhaps I won't," said Phil, smiling, "but I shall remember it just the same."

A few days later the two young fellows, Harry and Dodge went to the grave of Captain Farnsworth, and there on the stone where the remains had lain so long the ship-keeper cut a simple inscription, giving the name, date of birth, and supposed date of the man's death, ending with a brief quotation from the New Testament.

As the work was finished and the party was about to leave the place, Harry suddenly sprang at Phil and threw him down.

"Look out!" he cried, sharply.

At the same instant a shot echoed through the cavern, and the dull sound of a bullet striking the wall followed.

"Dalton!" cried Jack, waving his torch in the air.

As he spoke a form was seen retreating to the deep recesses of the cave.

Dodge fired upon the instant, but a mocking laugh came back.

"Take good care that this isn't your burial place as well as your father's, Phil Farnsworth!" they heard Dalton say from some safe retreat. "I've sworn to kill you and I'll keep my word if it takes forty years!"

Dodge and Jack both fired, but the sound of retreating steps was the only answer.

Phil had meanwhile arisen and seized Harry's hand.

"I owe you my life, my boy," he said, "and this is not the first time that you have stood ready to save it."

"I heard the click of the hammer," said Harry, in choking tones, "and saw the light of a torch upon the barrel, just in time. I was afraid I would be too late, but—"

"But you weren't," said the shipkeeper. "You had your eyes open and we didn't, and you're a regular trump."

"We must protect this place," said Jack as they all hurried towards the entrance. "That man is fiend enough to desecrate a grave, and I wish I had shot him."

"Me too," said Dodge. "He was afraid of the body, but now that it's buried, there's no knowing what he may do to the grave to show his spite."

"The fellow deserves shooting on sight," said Jack, angrily, "and all I want is to get one good shot at him to settle his case once and for all."

Neither Phil nor Harry said anything, but when they had reached the outer air, the former said briefly:

"He will not go there again. The place is safe."

"What makes you think so?" asked Jack. "He was there to-day!"

"Yes, but he will not go there again. He will be afraid."

"I hope so," muttered Dodge, "but, next time we go there we'll be ready for him."

"I shall not go there," said Phil, "I can do no more there and I shall not again visit the place."

No more was said and the party returned to the ship.

Dodge went to the cave a week later and found everything about the grave untouched and entirely as they had left it.

At the distance of twenty or thirty yards from the grave, however, a wall had been built, shutting off access to the cave beyond and the ship-keeper knew that Dalton had done this as much from his superstitious fear of the place, as being haunted, as from the dread of being tracked to his lair and a just vengeance visited upon him.

Day followed day, week succeeded week, and the dead of the bitter Arctic winter was upon them.

The sun no longer shone, the cold was most intense, and storms were frequent, it being utterly impossible for any one to go away from the ship while they were raging.

Whenever it was possible the men took exercise, and the captain insisted upon their taking cold baths every morning, knowing that their lives depended upon their being in perfect health, and that more precautions were necessary in that region than in one where the climate was more favorable.

Thanks to the thick snow that had piled deeply all around and over the ship, as well as to the supply of coal they had, the officers and men were kept comfortable in their winter quarters, and as they had an abundance of fresh food in cans, they were in no danger of the scurvy, that dread disease which attacks so many sailors, unless they take such precautions as Captain Underwood insisted upon.

When unable to leave the ship the men read, played games, made many useful or ornamental articles from wood, ivory, bone or other material at hand, or amused themselves in other ways.

Phil and Jack naturally gave a good deal of their spare time to the girls, but they were by no means idle for all that, and devoted considerable time to study and to getting up amusements for the men.

Harry was now the bright, merry fellow he had been before, and Phil made much of him, feeling relief in the boy's happy smile and cheery laugh, while the girls made a regular pet of him, and would have spoiled him if he had not been too sensible a lad for that.

Nothing had been seen of Dalton or his companion for a long time, when one night Harry awoke with a start, the cold perspiration bedewing his forehead, and his limbs all in a tremble.

"Have I been awake or dreaming?" he muttered. "I was certain I heard that man Dalton's voice. What is he doing on the ship? If he is here there is danger to us all. I must be certain of it, for otherwise I could not sleep a wink."

Hurriedly putting on his clothes, the boy went on deck, glancing at the clock in the cabin as he passed it and observing that it was about six o'clock in the morning.

On deck he saw Shuttleworth talking to one of the sailors.

"Where is your master?" he demanded of the former third mate.

"Do you mean Carpenter?" was the growling reply.

"Yes."

"In the cave. He tried to kill me, and I came back to the ship."

"Well, you are bad enough," said the boy boldly, "but harmless without your chief," and so saying he returned to the cabin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOPEFUL INDICATIONS.

SHUTTLEWORTH told a more detailed story to the captain when the latter came on deck an hour later and found him in the galley.

He did a good deal of whining and made a great show of penitence, begging the captain to overlook his past faults and take him back, not as an officer, but merely as a sailor, putting him at any work he saw fit.

He had been in great danger of his life, he said, and had feared to stay longer with Dalton who, he declared, was the most treacherous fellow in the world.

He related many instances of the man's cruel and tyrannical disposition, and professed to be entirely disgusted with him, and sorry that he had ever had anything to do with such a man.

The captain questioned him closely, and finally said that if he proved really penitent he would be reinstated in his old position, but that until then he must take his place among the sailors and be one of them.

"I am satisfied with that, captain," Shuttleworth said. "I couldn't stay any longer with that villain. He refused me food and tried to kill me more than once, and at last, with a deal of trouble, after watching my chances for two or three days, I managed to escape from the cave which he guarded as if it was a prison. He is a miserable villain, sir, and—"

"Never mind the rest," said the captain. "You must try and be a man yourself, and not abuse those whom you voluntarily chose to associate with."

When Harry next appeared on deck Shuttleworth smiled and tried to make friends with him, praising him for his courage and asking if there were nothing that he wanted done.

"I can help myself, thanks," said the boy, coldly. "What have you done with that man Dalton. Where have you hidden him?"

"Why, he's in the cave yet. I ran away from him to save my life. He tried to kill me and—"

"Well, it's a good thing for you that he didn't, I suppose," said the boy, carelessly, "though it might have been as well for us if he had."

Turning away Harry went to the cabin to put things in order as he always did in the morning, musing as he busied himself:

"I could have sworn I heard that scoundrel's voice, but I must have been dreaming and imagined it. Where could he have put himself if he had been here? No, I was certainly dreaming and took Shuttleworth's voice for Dalton's."

Shuttleworth behaved in such a manner as to remove any suspicions that he had any covert design in returning to the ship, while at the same time he did not actually awaken the confidence of the captain or officers.

"I don't think we have anything to fear from the man," said Mr. Springer. "He is penitent because Dalton is not here, and while he is a miserable hypocrite, he will still do his duty here and try to please, not from any unselfish motive, of course, but because the results to himself will be better than if he acted otherwise."

"As Harry said, he is not as bad as Dalton," remarked the captain, "and so long as the latter is not here, he will behave himself. I am not inclined to believe all his stories concerning Dalton, however."

"Nor am I. He is a selfish, crafty fellow and he would sell out any of his friends if he could gain anything by it. He knew he would be better off here than in the cave, and I really believe he deserted Dalton, instead of escaping to save his life."

The former third mate made advances to Phil and Jack, as he had done to Harry, and even begged Susie and Mollie to consider him their slave and to let him do any work they wanted done, but the young men as well as the girls refused all his offers and treated him with frigid politeness which only thinly covered the contempt they felt for the hypocrite.

"I believe he's shamming," said Phil, "and that if he could do us an injury now he'd do it in a minute. I've no confidence in the fellow."

However, there was nothing in the man's conduct to excite real suspicions, and by degrees both Phil and Jack forgot to notice him, and things went along as though he were not on board.

Several weeks passed, when one morning there was a great commotion outside the cave where the Spray lay secure.

"The ice is breaking up," declared the captain, "and we shall get away at last."

"The sun will be here soon, and then good-bye to the frozen seas of the Arctic circle," said the second mate.

The ice certainly did seem to be moving, although the air was still cold, and at the end of another day there was no doubt of it.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry, from the fore topmast head, "the winter is letting go its grip on us. I can see clear water outside, and before long the ice in the cove will go out to sea, and we shall go with it. Hurrah!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEE 16th PAGE FOR A FEW SPECIMENS OF THE FUNNY FACESSENT IN BY READERS.

Chinese junks and boats have eyes carved or painted on the bows, which are usually supposed to be a mere fanciful form of ornamentation. But they have a real meaning, as a recent traveler found. In going up one of the rivers from Ningpo he was startled one day by seeing a boatman seize his broad hat and clap it over one of the "eyes" of the boat, while other boats on the stream were similarly blinded. Looking about for an explanation, he saw a dead body floating past, and he was told by the boatmen that if the boat had been allowed to "see" it some disaster would have happened either to passengers or crew before the voyage ended.

THIS WEEK PERCY B. ST. JOHN'S GREAT ENGINEER STORY BEGINS. DON'T FAIL TO READ IT.

ON

The Night of the 9th

OR,

OLD KING BRADY AND THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER SEEN.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE,

Author of "Brady, Greene and Sleuth," "The Two Stars," "Old King Brady and the Ventriloquist Banker," "The Great Death Diamond," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ESCAPE TO THE ISLAND.

"FRANK! Say, Frank!" Frank James started from his sleep. Some one had laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"That you, Clell?" he demanded, rousing up.

"Hush! yes. Say, Frank, there's something wrong here."

Frank was on his feet in an instant.

"Hush—hush!" whispered Clell. "Don't make a particle of noise. Look—look there!"

"Jess—gone!"

Clell nodded.

"But where?"

"Frank, I don't know. I was waked up a minute or so ago by hearing something drop in the room there."

"Well—well?"

"I went out to see what the matter was. I didn't notice that Jess was gone till I came back."

"And what was the matter?"

"Matter enough. Look and see."

It was only a step to the door of the room in which Nat and Camille were supposed to be prisoners.

But that step was over the bulky form of Cole Younger, who lay snoring upon the floor.

Frank took the step with all possible care.

He had no fears for his brother then, thinking that he had simply gone outside for reasons of his own.

Clell opened the door and they entered the room.

"Great Godfrey!" breathed Frank; "all gone!"

Clell nodded.

"How in thunder did this happen?"

"Look out the window and you'll see."

"A ladder! Well, well!"

"This is more of Old King Brady's work!" hissed Frank. "Jess! We must find out what has become of Jess."

In dead earnest now Frank flung himself through the window and started down the ladder.

"Shall I wake the boys or not?" called Clell.

"No. Not yet! Come on!"

Clell followed down the ladder.

In a moment both were staring at Dick Little.

Dick lay upon the doorstep, gagged and bound.

Such was the situation five minutes after Old King Brady's capture in the room above.

Evidently the detective had vanished as mysteriously as had Camille and Nat before him.

But what of the dark forms seen flitting through the forest just as the iron hand was laid upon Old King Brady's back?

"Great gosh! Will you look at Dick Little!" exclaimed Clell, when they reached the ground.

Dick was looking at them in a most piteous way.

Frank rushed up to the doorstep and set him free.

"What's all this mean, Dick?" he demanded, as the outlaw scrambled to his feet.

"Great guns, Frank, it was Old King Brady!"

"What did you let him do it for? Were you asleep?"

"No, no! He come up behind me all of a sudden."

"I believe you lie! I believe you were asleep at your post."

"I swear to gosh I wasn't."

"Where's Jess?"

"I'd know. Hain't he upstairs with the rest of the boys?"

"No!"

"Well, I hain't seen him, but say, Frank!"

"Well?"

"There was a lot of fellers went through the woods here a minute ago."

"What?"

"It's just as I tell you. I didn't see 'em, cause why, my back was turned t'other way, but I heard 'em."

Frank was in a terrible stew.

"We must wake the boys at once. This must be looked into!" he exclaimed.

"Did you see Old King Brady and the prisoners come down the ladder, Dick?"
"No, nor they didn't come down."
"Nonsense!"
"I tell you they didn't!"
"But—"

But Frank never finished his sentence. At the same instant there was a rush in the hallway.

To the horror of the three outlaws they saw a number of men, armed with rifles, crowding toward the door.

"There they are! Shoot 'em down!" shouted one who was in the lead.
"Great Godfrey, it's Carl Greene!" gasped Frank.

It was all he had time to say.
"Fire!" shouted the detective.

Crack!
Crack!
Crack!
Crack!

Instantly the shots began flying.
"It's the James Boys! We've got 'em!" cried Carl. "Half the reward to any man who shoots Jesse James!"

With one bound Frank, Clell and Dick flew into the forest.

At the same instant firing began at the top of the stairs.

"Some of 'em are up here!" yelled a voice.

Then it was:

Crack!
Crack!
Crack!

Shots and shouts rang out upon the stillness of the night.

"We'll retreat to the creek!" breathed Frank.

"They're coming! They're following us!" gasped Clell.

"Hold on! What's this? Heavens, it's Jess!"

In their mad flight they had run up against the tree to which Jesse was tied.

Although hard pressed by the detective's party, Frank James could not pass his brother by.

He whipped out his knife.

A few quick dashes and Jesse was free.

"What is it? Old King Brady?" he gasped.

"No; Carl Greene!" breathed Frank.

"I say it's Brady!"

"Fly, Jess! Fly! There's no time to talk about it now!"

Nor was there!

With horrible distinctness they could hear their pursuers beating about behind them.

But, as usual, fortune favored the bandit king.

Undiscovered they gained the creek.

Over by the old mansion the noise was as loud as ever, but the sounds made by their pursuers had grown fainter now.

"They are going down the creek," said Jesse, "and we must go up."

"There ought to be a boat somewhere around here," said Frank.

"There is, Brady went there. I'm sure it was to a boat."

"Did Brady get you, Jess?" asked Frank.

"Yes, yes."

"How?"

"Captured me while I was asleep."

"And the gold?"

"He got it, of course."

"That's bad."

"Bad enough. But say, Frank, your money is all right?"

"You bet."

"And yours, Clell?"

"Sure."

"Then it ain't so bad after all. Lucky we divided the gold between us—eh, Clell?"

"Hold on," said Dick Little. "Here is the boat."

They came upon it suddenly.

It was just where Old King Brady had left it.

"In! Tumble in," breathed Jesse. "It's my opinion we'll find the gold here."

They lost no time in entering the boat.

Frank came last, pushed off, and jumped in after the rest.

"What about the boys?" asked Dick.

"We can't do anything about them now. We must see the money safe first. How many men should you think Greene had, Frank?"

"Oh, there were a lot of them."

"Thirty?"

"I should think more."

"We'll light out. Open that bow locker, Clell, and see if the gold is there."

Clell obeyed.

"B'gosh, it is!" he exclaimed.

"That's all right then," said Jesse, jubilantly.

"Pull, boys, pull!" he added. "We've got an all-fired big haul anyhow, and as for the rest it's something we can't help."

Away they went down the creek.

Soon all sounds save the flash of their oars died away.

For fifteen minutes and more they kept on, coming then to a small island, where Jesse ordered a landing.

"We'll hold on here till we know what the fate of the boys is to be," he declared.

"How are we to find out?" asked Clell.

"What's the matter with my going back to reconnoiter?"

"For Heaven's sake don't think of it."

"But I will, though. All I want is to see the money safe, and then I'm ready to go to work."

They talked matters over and came to the conclusion that Jesse's plan was the proper one.

Clell Miller insisted at first that he should be allowed to go back with his chief.

But Jesse would not have this.

"Nobody makes a move under any consideration until I return," he declared, when all was settled.

Entering the boat, Jesse pulled back along the creek in the direction by which they had come.

CHAPTER XXXII. IN DEADLY PERIL.

Rap!
Rap!
Rap!

Three raps upon a door.

This is what Old King Brady heard when his unseen conductors came to a halt.

By what secret passages he had been conveyed he was entirely ignorant.

When the hands seized him and the cloth was thrown over his head, the detective, as we have said, was pulled down upon the floor.

Immediately he was lifted up again.

With great swiftness he was borne on and on until the length of the room had been covered many times.

He knew, of course, that he had been taken through some secret door or panel, but in what part of the room it was located he had no idea.

On, and still on!

Up-stairs.

On again.

It seemed as though those who bore Old King Brady would never come to a halt.

But now at last they had stopped, and the rapping on the door began.

"Who's there?" called a voice. "Who's there?"

"We've brought the last of 'em!" was the answer.

"The detective?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha!"

"Open the door, will you?"

"Yes, yes! Keep your shirt on!"

Then came the sound of shooting bolts, and a door was flung back.

"Is he blindfolded?" asked the voice.

"No."

"Why not? Why didn't you serve him as you did the others?"

"There wasn't time. The James Boys are on to us. It was as much as we could do to run him through the secret panel without being caught."

"That so?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll have to do it now."

"Turn out the light!"

"O. K."

"Ready?"

"Yes."

"Stand still, old man. Move so much as an eye lash and you're a goner. Now mind!"

Then the cloth came off the detective's head.

Old King Brady found himself standing in utter darkness.

Following the resolve he had made not to speak unless spoken to, he kept perfectly still.

Hands came around his head.

They were tying something over his eyes.

"That's all right," said a voice. "Now then light up again. Shoot him if he makes a move."

The light flashed.

Old King Brady caught its glimmer but he could see nothing more.

"Listen and answer, old man!" said the voice again. "Well, why don't you speak?"

"You said listen and answer. I am listening. I have been asked no question yet."

"Ha! It is well. Who are you?"

"My name cannot concern you."

"Answer! It is, Brady, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Old King Brady, the detective?"

"Yes; I am so called."

"You are working in the interest of Mr. Multon, the mill-owner, at Orrington?"

"Am I to tell you all my business?"

"Answer! Do you feel that?"

It was the sharp point of a knife pressed against the detective's forehead.

"Answer, or I shall plunge this into your heart!" the voice said.

"Yes."

"You are in the employ of Mr. Multon. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes."

"You are seeking money stolen from his mill?"

"Yes."

"Have you found it?"

"No."

"Have you any idea where it is?"

"I can't say I have."

"Have the James Boys got it?"

"I should not be surprised."

"Do you know?"

"No."

"You were told by Nat Peters that they had?"

"I see you have—"

"Answer!"

"Yes."

"You believe it?"

"I do."

"You were a prisoner with the James Boys just now?"

"Yes."

"How did you escape?"

"It's a long story—"

"Answer!"

"I managed to free myself and hid in a tree."

"You were not freed by anybody?"

"Well, I—"

"Will you answer or will you not? By heavens, I'll not speak again!"

"Yes."

There was no help for it.

At the risk of betraying the unknown, Old King Brady had to reply.

For not only was the point of the knife pressed against his heart, but at the same instant he felt the cold muzzle of a pistol against his forehead.

The situation was most critical.

"You were freed by a person wrapped in a black cloak who dared not show his face," the voice continued, speaking in the same monotonous tone.

"Hal! I thought so! Where is that person now?"

"I don't know!"

"Sure?"

"I tell you I don't know."

"You have seen him before?"

"Yes."

"It was he who brought you here?"

"Yes."

"Enough! Brothers, we have learned all this man can tell us. What shall be his fate?"

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

At the same instant a sharp firing was heard in the distance.

"An attack!" cried the voice. "Quick, brothers, quick! It is as I feared! The detectives are upon us. What is to be the fate of this man?"

"Death!"

To Old King Brady it sounded as if a dozen voices had spoken in chorus.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

Still the firing.

Loud shouts were heard.

They seemed to come from below, for which reason Old King Brady concluded that he was somewhere near the roof of the mysterious mansion.

But he was given no time to ponder upon his position then.

"Death it is!" echoed the voice instantly. "Now then, Mr. Old King Brady, walk three paces to the right."

"Gentlemen, listen to me one moment"

Crack!

In answer a shot went whizzing past the detective's face.

"Walk him if he won't walk himself!" shouted the voice. "Quick—be quick!"

Instantly Old King Brady was seized and hurried forward.

"Halt!"

"Keep him covered!"

"One!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

At the word a dozen shots rang out.

At the same time the detective received a violent push from behind.

There was no help for him.

Old King Brady staggered forward.

He was treading on nothingness.

He was whirling down—down—down into unknown depths.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MYSTERY OF THE TRAP-DOOR.

"Do you see him?"

"No!"

"I hear him though, Frank."

"So do I, Dick! Some one's coming!"

"Mebbe it ain't Jesse after all," allowed Clell Miller.

Frank, Clell and Dick Little, on the island, were watching for the return of Jesse James in the boat. Half an hour and more had passed.

The boys had become decidedly anxious, for Jesse had had plenty of time to go and return.

But Dick Little suddenly broke the monotony by declaring that he could hear a boat coming.

And Dick was right.

The sound of oars could be distinctly heard.

"If it's Jess, he's grown bold, and taken off his oar muffles," said Clell.

"It is Jess! There he is!" cried Frank. "Quick, boys, no shouting. We want to hear what he's got to say before we make any noise."

In a moment Jesse was abreast of the island.

"Back again!" he called. "It's all up with the gang, Frank."

"No!" said Frank, in dismay.

"Yes," said Jesse, as he leaped ashore and pulled the boat up after him.

"What's the row?" demanded Clell.

"The row is that Carl Greene and his gang have gobbled the whole kaboodle of them and is as mad as seventeen hornets because we escaped."

"Then it was Carl Greene," sighed Frank. "I thought I couldn't be mistaken."

"Yes, it's Carl fast enough."

"Did you get up to the house?"

"Got within fifty feet of it."

"What made you so long?"

"Oh, listening and watching. I wanted to know what was to be done with the boys."

"Well, what?"

"Frank, they are to be run over to Ridley, put on the train, and taken straight to Jefferson City. That's Carl Greene's plan."

"Jesse, we must take that train!"

"Carl has fifty men at his back, Frank James!"

"I don't care if he has a hundred and fifty. I repeat it—we must take that train!"

"So say I!" cried Clell.

"I'm with you!" echoed Dick Little.

Jesse laughed.

"I knew you'd say so!" he exclaimed.

"That's my idea exactly. With a little strategy we will euchre Carl Greene yet, but we must put that gold and the Littleford bank money in a place of safety first."

"First of all, tell me what became of Old King Brady?"

"I saw nothing of him, Frank."

"Nor of the Peters boy, nor the girl?"

"No."

"Strange."

"Very."

"How about the Barnacles?"

"They escaped. Carl seemed to be onto them, but he couldn't find 'em. He came in by the secret way, and who do you suppose acted as his guide?"

"Give it up."

"Blind Rooney!"

"He was always a cowardly pup. Who are Carl's gang?"

"Reckon they are Littleford men mostly; but come, we must get to work; then for a rush to Ridley to rescue the boys."

"What do you propose to do with the money?"

"To bury it here on the island. What do you think?"

"Safe enough, I suppose."

"Let's get at it at once then. I picked up a spade after they left, so there'll be no trouble on that score."

They selected a place near the center of the little island, which, save for the fringe of bushes at the water's edge, was bare of trees.

"This is as good as any," said Jesse, and he began to dig.

He drove the spade into the soft ground. To the amazement of all hands it struck against something hard at the depth of a few inches.

"What's this—

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Next Week!

Next Week!

WE SHALL ANNOUNCE

THE TITLE OF

A Grand Story

SOON TO

COMMENCE

— IN —

HAPPY DAYS.

Watch For It!

See a Few

— OF THE —

FUNNY FACES

Sent in by Readers,

— ON —

Page 16 of This Paper.

Don't Forget

ABOUT THE

POSTAGE STAMP COUPON

This Week!

YOU MAY BE SORRY

IF YOU DON'T

Save Them.

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

Jack Wright and Frank Reade, Jr. the Two Young Inventors

Or; BRAINS AGAINST BRAINS.

A Thrilling Story of a Race Around the World for \$10,000.

By "NONAME."

Author of "Jack Wright and His Electric Air Monitor," "Frank Reade, Jr.'s 'Sky Scraper,'" "Jack Wright, the Boy Inventor's Electric Sledge Boat," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RACERS MEET.

JACK knew what a dangerous crew the Algerine pirates were to roam the Mediterranean, killing and plundering honest seamen, and for that reason had resolved to sink their dhow.

The morning sun was lighting up the

"Not if I can avoid it. They can't get in, or injure us with their small arms. Their craft is filling and sinking now."

"Ay, ay!" said Tim, "an' we're stuck so fast fer her, she'll carry us ter ther bottom."

"I hope Wright won't find the drag I tied to the boat," thought Forrest. "He'll

Jack mistook his eagerness for an earnest desire to be of service.

The man hastily donned a suit and went out.

He had scarcely cut the drag adrift when he caught sight of Jack entering the turret to watch his actions.

"I've had a narrow escape from exposure," he muttered.

Then he made an effort to locate the cause of the noise which had startled them and while so engaged he saw Jack gesturing to him to return to the interior of the boat.

Wondering what he meant by it, he obeyed.

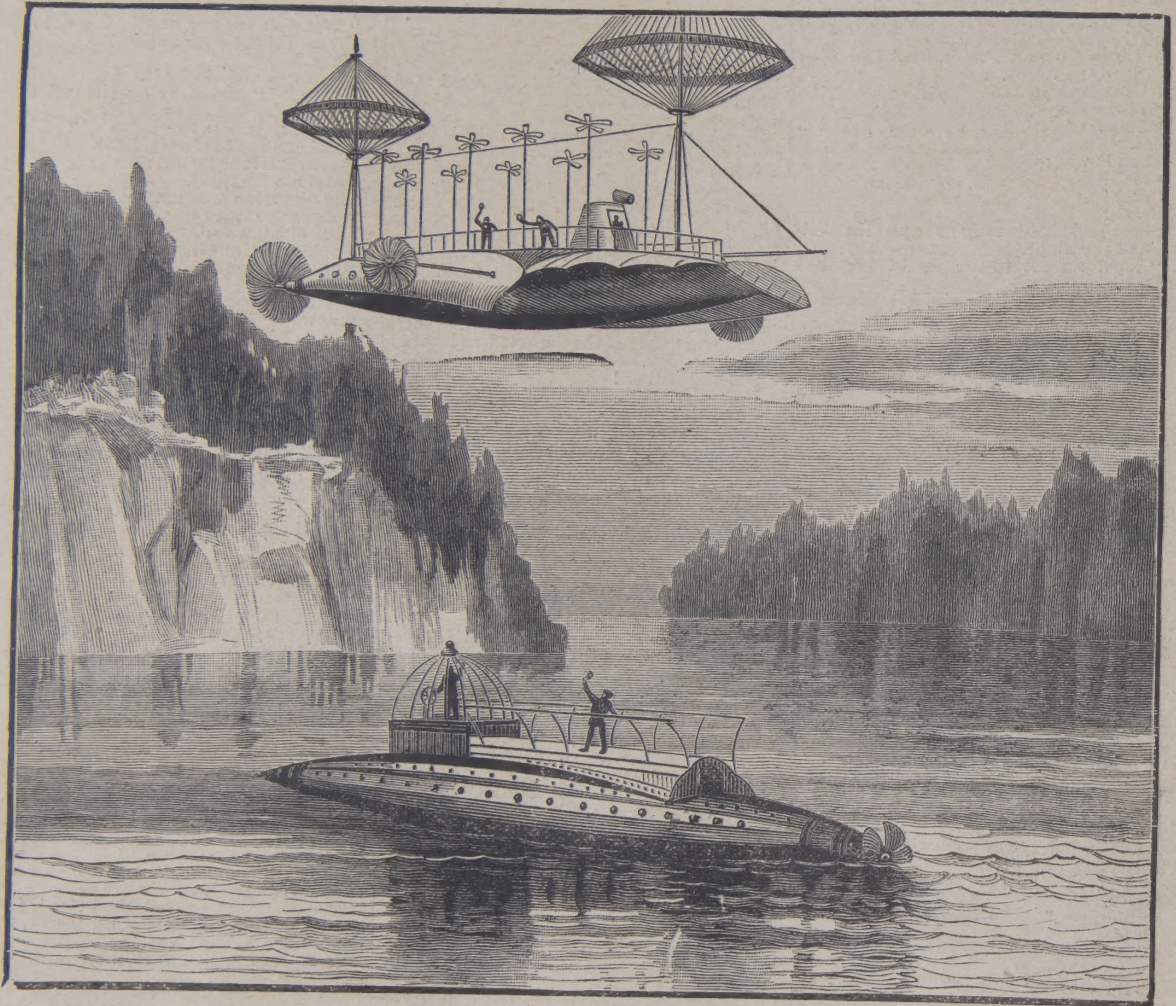
Having taken off his diving-suit, he joined the others and said:

"Why did you call me back?"

"Because we have discovered the cause of the noise," replied Jack.

"Indeed! And what may it be?"

"A hole has opened in the partition be-



"HOW ARE YOU, MR. WRIGHT?" JACK STARTED AND GLANCED UP. ABOVE HIS HEAD HOVERED THE STORM KING. AT THE RAIL STOOD FRANK, BOWING. "AH, READE! YOU ARE EXACTLY ON TIME!" CRIED JACK. "SO ARE YOU! LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU!" SAID FRANK.

Algiers coast a short distance away, and clearly showed Jack and his three companions the dark featured pirates on the heavily armed ship.

So great had been the force with which the Sea Serpent had rammed into the port side of the dhow that a huge hole had been torn into the planking of the pirate.

The rascals had discharged their broadside at Jack's boat a moment too late, for she flashed ahead, the shrieking balls passed over her, and when the shock of the collision came the pirates uttered their wild yell.

None of them had been expecting such a reckless venture from the young inventor, but they quickly recovered their faculties.

Armed with pistols, knives, rifles and cutlasses, they swarmed over the bulwarks, and sprang down upon the diving-boat.

Unfortunately the prow of the Sea Serpent had been jammed into the hole it made in the pirate's hull, and despite the screw being reversed she could not withdraw herself from her lodgment.

Seeing the Algerines boarding his boat with the evident intention of fighting them, Jack closed the metal shutters over the glass dome.

"We have no time to waste fighting those ruffians," said the young inventor. "We must be off as quickly as possible if we wish to beat Frank Reade, Jr., for you know we have lost 160 miles for some unknown reason since yesterday. We must make up the lost time."

"Vot!" indignantly cried the pugnacious Fritz. "Don't yer vos goin' ter fight 'em!"

see at a glance that it was put there intentionally."

In order to hasten the sinking of the piratical vessel, Jack opened the sea valves in the Sea Serpent, and she began to sink.

She pulled the Algerine ship down with her, and the ferocious crew were left struggling upon the surface of the water.

Bottom was reached at a depth of 169 feet, and as the two boats landed in a jungle of tall eel-grass, and struck bottom, the shock burst open the pirate ship's side, and released the electric boat.

"Free!" cried Jack, delightedly.

"Shall we go aloft now, an' tackle them pirates?" asked Tim, eagerly.

"No. We have no time to lose."

"Hark!" exclaimed Forrest. "What's that noise below?"

It was a gurgling and bubbling sound, much as if water were pouring in, and all hands rushed down-stairs and listened.

The sound came from the after part of the boat, and they all hastened in that direction, and distinctly heard the noise coming from the spot where the air-chamber was partitioned from the reservoir.

None of them could understand it.

"I must put on a suit and go out to investigate it," said Jack.

"No!" exclaimed Forrest eagerly. "Let me go out; I insist—"

"Very well; only hurry. It don't make much difference who goes."

A thrill of delight passed over the rascal for he wanted to get rid of the drag, as it was sure to be seen under water from the turret the moment any one chance to look back.

tween the ballast reservoir and the air chamber. The water is working into the latter compartment, and the air is entering the former. We must go to the surface at once, for the atmosphere is fast becoming exhausted into the sea, and soon there will not be enough left to lift the boat to the top."

The pump was started at full speed.

Up rose the boat to the surface. All the Algerines had swam ashore and vanished.

The stern of the boat hung low, for the air chamber was nearly filled with water, and Jack hastened below.

He let all the confined air escape.

Then he opened a trap door, entered the ballast reservoir, and found that his theory was correct, as one of the joints had parted in the partition.

Carrying in a hose, he caused all the water to be pumped out of the air chamber, and then repaired the damage.

This done he returned to the turret.

The boat was now flying along at the top of her speed, for with the drag gone she was not retarded any.

Several days passed uneventfully by.

The boat reached Port Said, passed through the Suez Canal into the Red Sea, and finally ran into the Indian ocean.

By that time she had made up for lost time, and gained ten hours on the schedule Jack had planned out for her.

From the Gulf of Aden a quick run was made across the Arabian Sea to the island of Ceylon, and thence over the Bay of Ben.

(Continued on page 11.)

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

YELLOW AND BLACK; OR, THE TWO BOSSES OF WHACKINGTON ACADEMY.

By SAM SMILEY.

Author of "A New Tommy Bounce," "Aunt Maria," "The Shortys Doing Europe," etc.

PART VI.

It was a funny looking Chinaman that entered the little sitting-room where Blunt and Miss Whacker were spooning.

The boys had been having fun with him and no mistake.

Dick had fixed him up to the queen's taste.

He came waddling in, very much under

"Oh, save me, dearest, save me!"
"Yes, I will protect you, I will go and summon help."

Up came Wing once more.

"You callee me dudee, tellee lilly bloy me smokee cigalletes? Me smashee you' jaw!"

On he came, whirling his fists about and walking very unsteadily.

Aurora howled and clung to Blunt.

Wing had more rope again.
"Whoopee! now me catchee!" he chattered.

He couldn't have hit anything the way he wobbled about.

Blunt was afraid he would, however, and retreated.

It was as funny as a box of monkeys to see that inebriated Celestial spar and try to hit something.

He wore his usual placid smile, which was quite at variance with his bloodthirsty remarks, and therefore all the funnier.

"Me wipee up loom wif Blunt—me kickee stuffee lout—me blackee eye—me baddee man, cally lazor—me bitee ear off, me spect! Hi-ya—whoop!"

If that high hat had not been fastened on it would certainly have tumbled off, Wing danced about so.

"Comee lon, me fightee, me knockee lout in firstee lound."

On he came, flourishing his fists.

Blunt and the old maid had been too much rattled to get onto the rope.

They thought Wing had walked backwards because he was loaded.

"Aha, saved, my dearest!" cried the assistant principal, when Wing flew out.

"Did I not say you could depend upon your Adolphus?"

"The ideal!" remarked Aurora.

It was not because she doubted the correctness of Blunt's assertion.

It was because her brother had found them embracing.

"Well—well, this is most extraordinary, positively without precedent. I do believe that Chinese flew out of the window."

He had gone, at all events.

"He was terrified, my dear Dr. Whacker," said Blunt.

"Well—well, you amaze me. This is really most ex—"

"Yes, sir, terrified. I was about to bestow the most exemplary punishment upon him for his insolence when—"

"Why—why, this is most—"

"When he became terrified and fled precipitately, carrying the sash with him."

As a phenomenal liar, Blunt certainly took the prize.

Miss Whacker did not contradict his statement.

"But what had he done?" asked Whacker.

"Insulted Miss Whacker, and that I would not brook, so I chastised him as was my bounden duty, under the circum-

stances—"

"Really, this is most extraordinary; the fellow must have—"

Just then Wing went by the door, chuckling to himself:

"Yep, me spect so, me flighten ole missee, me lattle Bluntie allee to pieces, he think me kickee, he flaid, allee same lilly bloy!"

"Why, why, this is most ex—"

"Yeppee, me gettee he lattle, me makee him lun, he no savvy whatee me, me holy tellor, hi-ya, whoop!"

Then Wing went on and Blunt flushed.

"Really, this is most extraordinary," muttered Whacker. "There appears to be conflicting statements regarding what has occurred, Mr. Blunt."

"The ideal!" snorted Aurora.

"You can never believe a Chinaman!" sniffed Blunt. "That fellow would say anything. He is beastly drunk, and—"

Just then Rood came running into the room.

"I have discovered the cause of the excitement, doctor," he said, briskly. "It appears that Wing got full on whisky, and went in when Blunt was spooning on Miss Whacker and scared the liver out of him. Blunt was all broken up, and—"

"The ideal!"

"Well, well, this is most extraordinary, positively without—"

"Not a word of truth in it, sir, not an iota of resemblance to the actual state of the case, which, as I have before asseverated, is—"

"Bless my soul! I didn't know Blunt was here!" cried Rood, making a sudden break.

There would be strained relations between those two assistants for some time after this.

The doctor sniffed and went away, asking no questions.

There was no more courting that night, however.

The boys skipped back into the school-room before Whacker missed them, and everything was quiet.

That is, it was that way on the school-room floor.

Down-stairs it was quite the reverse.

Wing had already had so much fun that he thought he ought to have more.

When the boys hauled him up-stairs they took the rope off of him, but left him as he otherwise was.

They hustled him down-stairs still wearing that dizzy white hat and the boxing gloves.

Wing was too inebriated to think very much about how he looked.

He concluded to keep on the gloves and have some fun with Wash.

"Me bully bloy, glasse eye, clockeye-blow," he gurgled. "Me takee lound outee Washee, me havee plenty heap fun by nig-gee man."

If he had wanted to do so, he could not have removed those gloves unaided.

Fearing that they might fall off, the boys had tied them on to his wrists most securely.

There was no untying the knots by any but dexterous fingers, unhampered by gloves.

That Chinaman would have made a fine mess of it if he had tackled the job.

Through the hall he went, chuckling to himself, but never suspecting how nicely he had given Blunt away.

On he went and finally fetched up in the kitchen.

Wash was there reading his dream book and studying up on policy numbers.

"Fo' Heaben's sake, am dat yo' Wing?" he muttered, looking up as the befuddled Chinaman came staggering in.



UP CAME WING ONCE MORE. "YOU CALLE ME DUDEE, TELLEE LILLY BLOY ME SMOKEE CIGALLETES? ME SMASHEE YOU' JAW!" ON HE CAME, WHIRLING HIS FISTS ABOUT AND WALKING VERY UNSTEADILY. AURORA HOWLED AND CLUNG TO BLUNT.

the weather and totally unable to walk straight.

On his head he wore an old white plug hat.

The boys had made holes in the brim and had fastened strings to it as through it had been a bonnet.

These had been brought under Wing's chin and tied in a bow.

On his hands were big boxing gloves.

Around his waist was a rope.

It was by this that he had been let down from the floor above.

During the descent he had kicked out all the glass.

He was happy drunk, but he was mad, too.

Blunt and Miss Whacker had slandered him, he understood.

He meant to get square on them for it.

"Hi-ya, me fulllee likee tickee, me no care dammee," he remarked, squaring off.

"Me punchee somebody headee."

Then he advanced toward the two lovers, putting himself in an attitude.

"The ideal!" yelled the old girl, retreating.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Blunt.

He likewise retreated.

There wasn't much sporting blood in Blunt.

However, Wing never touched him.

He began suddenly walking backward, flourishing his fists.

"Hi-ya, me likee somebody, me bad Chinese, me gettee full and paintee townee led. Whoop!"

"Take the horrid thing away!"

"Well, I declare!"

The latter would have been glad to skip.

Even if he had Wing would have soaked him.

That Chinaman was nearer the door than Blunt was.

"Me bleakee face, you no goodee, me showee you how Chinese fightee, me spect!"

This time it seemed as if Blunt would catch it.

He didn't.

Wing began suddenly walking backwards again.

This was not altogether because he was full of whisky.

Dick had let himself down on the same rope that held Wing.

Standing just under the window, he held the slack.

When Wing got too near the two frightened gillies in the sitting room, he would give the rope a jerk.

Hence Wing's backward movements.

The heathen did not altogether understand this.

"Go away, you're drunk!" screamed Miss Whacker.

"Yep, me spect so. So be me no fulllee—me kickee stuffee outee somebody, Hi-ya!"

Back he went so quickly that he nearly fell down.

"Now is my chance," said the assistant.

"I will go and call assistance. Remain here, darling, and I will save you."

The old girl couldn't quite see it in that light.

"The ideal!" she remarked. "Let us both go and call help."

They started for the door.

They didn't reach it.

Aurora screamed and fled, dragging Blunt after her. Wing followed.

"Now me likee, me gottee you, me kickee you fulllee holee—hi-ya!"

This time he did get in a crack on Blunt's nose.

It was the only one, however.

He suddenly did the crab act and walk backwards again.

"Hi-ya! me no go data way, me wantee knockee blazee outee somebody, me no care."

"The ideal!" screamed Miss Whacker.

The fun was about over anyhow.

All that noise was bound to attract attention.

It had for a fact.

The doctor came to see what it all meant.

Dick spotted him just in time.

Then he dropped out of sight.

"Cheese it," he whispered to the boys above.

"What's the matter?" asked Tom.

"The doc. Haul away on your line!"

The boys did haul and no mistake.

As the doctor came in, Wing went out.

He went flying, too.

Probably he used both his wings on this occasion.

"Hi, ya, whatee mattee? Me no likee cusee, blazee!"

Across the room and out of the window he went in a jiffy.

Then he disappeared, no one knew whither.

The doctor wasn't quick enough to see the rope.

He thought that Wing had actually flown out and then up.

"Yep, me spect so. You wantee fight-ee? Me lickee you fustee time, me wipee floor withee you. Hi-ya, whoop! me champelon knockee lout, hap."

"Hml yo' is, is yo' Well, yo' ain't gwine ter knock me o't all de same."

"You no tinkee me can do, hap?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed! Yo'se drunk, yo' is, an' yo'se foolish."

"Yep, me spect so. Hi-ya, me dlunk aglain and gladdee. Settee up agin, whoopee!"

"Yo'se foolish, chile," muttered Wash.

"Take care, son, don' yo' come too neah me wid dem mittens, or yo'll get hu't."

"Yep, me spect so," chirped Wing, coming on. "Yo' wantee fightee me?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed," answered Wash, jumping up as Wing aimed a crack at him.

"H'm, yo'se gettin' reckless, is yo'?"

"Wull, how yo' like dat?"

"Biff!"

Wash had his bare fists to fight with, and they were soakers.

He caught Wing on the nose, and greatly surprised that heathen.

"Hi-yip, cussee, whatee mattee? You hittee me, Wash."

"Dat's wha' I sayed, an' I'll hit yo' agin ef yo' don' quit yo' foolin'."

"Me givee yo' blackee eye fo' dat. Me badee man; me cally club in ee pockee."

Then he went for Wash hot and strong. He wasn't in it with that coon.

Wash was sober and he was not.

If he had been he could not have licked the coon.

"Yo' wan' coolin' off, yo' does," said Wash presently.

Then he caught Wing a back hander and tumbled him across the table.

Seizing him by his collar of his blouse and the slack of his roomy breeches, Wash carried the struggling Chinese to the sink and put his head under the pump.

Then with one hand, on Wing, and the other on the pump handle, he fetched up the water and gave the Chinaman a soaking.

Wing kicked and yelled and tried hard to get away.

"Yo' wan' ter lick me, did yo'?"

Splash!

"Tought yo' was gwine ter wipe up de flo' wif me, h'um?"

Swish, swash!

"Wha' yo' wan' is soberin' up some mo' befo' yo' c'n lick me, son!"

Gurgle, gurgle, swish, swash!

"Hi' ya, comee off, stoppee dat, me no likee!"

Creak, creak!

"Cussee blazee, stoppee! Me gottee plenty!"

The pump kept on creaking.

The water continued to splash.

Wing kicked and yelled the same as before, only worse.

Wash had his hand in, however, and didn't care to stop.

"Yo' tink yo' have yo'se'f now, yo' yaller loafer?"

"Cussee, blazee, stoppee!"

"Yo' won' wan' ter lick me, will yo', Wingy?"

"Me wantee slim out. Me no wantee dlown!"

"Well, I guess yo' ain' sober 'nuff yet, seeing yo' won' answer my questions."

Then there was more pumping.

The water was getting colder, too.

It came from the very bottom of the well now.

It ran down Wing's neck clean to his heels.

Some of it went the other way and poured out of his sleeves.

It ran under the brim of his hat and filled the dicier.

It trickled down his breast and gave him a chill in his stomach.

In fact, it soaked him everywhere and still Wash did not let up on him.

The coon had the whip hand and meant to keep it.

"Cussee, blazee, comee loff."

"Yo' got 'nuff?"

"Yeppee."

"An' yo' have yo'se'f?"

"Yep, me 'spect so, me only foolee, me no meance."

"Oh, yo' was on'y jokin'?"

"Datee all."

"Dat's all I was doin', just jokin'," and Wash put on the brakes again.

"You callee dat jokee?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed," and the coon began to laugh.

He laughed so hard that he let go of the Chinaman.

Down he went, all in a heap, on the floor.

"Yah-yah, mah goodness, but I'se de funnies' fellah, eber yo' see."

"Yep. Me spect so," grunted Wing, getting up and rubbing his head. "You tink dat good jokee?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed. Yip! Yip! Oh, mama! dat's de funnies' ting yet!"

"Yep. Me spect so. Me tink you big fool, no savvy nossling."

Wing was pretty sober by this time.

Liberal applications of cold water had done wonders in his case.

He was sober enough, anyhow, not to see any fun in Wash's acts.

"Yah-yah, Wing, you'se putty funny, yo' is, but I c'n give yo' cyards an' spades, an' den beat yo'."

"Yep. Me spect so."

"Don' yo' tink dat am a good joke? I does. It jus' takes de cake! Well, yo' does look funny, yo' does. Where'd yo' get dat hat?"

"You makee me tired, laffee tloo facee, no gottee blains likee teller doggee," chirped Wing. "You tinkee you funny?"

"Dat's wha' I sayed."

"Yep, you velly funny, allee same likee funeral, you makee me cly, you so funny."

Then Wing tried to get rid of the hat and boxing gloves.

This was funny and no error, if the other were not.

He could not untie the knots with boxing gloves on, and so Wing yanked the thing off bodily.

Then the water ran out of the hat.

"Cussee, blazee, whatee do?" howled the surprised Chinaman, dancing around.

The hardest thing was getting off the boxing gloves.

It simply couldn't be done.

Wash had to roll on the floor he got to laughing so.

"Stoppee you laffee, takee off glovee," said Wing.

"I reckon yo'll have to go to bed wif 'em on, yo' yaller joker!" chuckled Wash.

"How yo' get 'em on so tight?"

Then he had to laugh again, and so loud that Miss Whacker came down to see what it was all about.

"The idea!" she sputtered, when she came in. "Do you two want to raise the dead? It's shocking, the noise you make, and you've just got to stop it or I'll discharge you both."

"Seuse me, missus," chuckled Wash, "but dat yaller feller he make me laff. He get on de boxin' gloves an' den he can't take 'em off."

"Well, take 'em off for him then," said Miss Whacker, who saw no fun in the thing at all.

Wash had to cut the lacings with a knife before he could do it.

"Next time don't put them on so tight," said the old maid, and Wash laughed.

"Reckon he didn't put 'em on tall, Miss Rorer," he said. "Reckon some o' de young ge' men done make a fool o' him an' he couldn't help hisse'f."

"The idea!" shrieked Aurora, who suddenly took a tumble. "Somebody must be made an example of."

They were not, all the same.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONLY THE VERY BEST AUTHORS WRITE FOR HAPPY DAYS.

How to Amuse a Children's Party.

By "ED."

I REJOICE in the possession of a wealthy old uncle, named Bumble Cheek, who used to come around and see me, and bring me cigars, and occasionally, if he felt extra fine on account of being temporarily rid of the gout, he would give me a dollar bill and tell me to go off and squander.

I don't rejoice in him now as much as I did.

He played me a mean trick.

Everybody thought that he was an old bachelor; that he would make me his heir, a proceeding to which I would not have demurred in the least—for he was reputed to be rich in this world's goods.

All of a sudden, however, he went off and got married, which I consider an act of base ingratitude toward me.

A year after marriage a baby arrived.

My nose was, figuratively speaking, broken.

With a boy of his own, he would not be apt to leave much boodle to other people's children.

However, I concluded it would be best to forgive him, and so we did not cease speaking as we passed by.

The other day I met him on the street.

"You are just the very one I want to see," he said, as he shook my hand warmly.

I replied that I was also pleased to see him, and asked if there was anything I could do for him.

"Yes," he said. "Baby has a birthday Thursday night, and I mean to celebrate it."

"A birthday!" I repeated. "Why, the baby is only two years old, and I should not think you would care much about birthday parties."

"His actual age is only one," explained the fond parent proudly, "but he knows enough for a child of two. The nurse says she never saw such a youngster, and she prays every night that he won't die with the brain fever. Now, Ed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you do me a favor?"

"With pleasure. What is it?"

"Come up and help amuse the children whom I mean to have at the baby's birthday party. Will you come?"

I concluded that there was no use in being ugly, and so I said I would oblige.

My uncle thanked me and hurried off.

The next day I dropped into the office of a young friend of mine who was rapidly making a fortune dealing in what are called "novelties," such as games and tricks, etc.

"Hello, Ed!" he said, "how are you?"

"Pretty fair," I answered. "How is the novelty business?"

"Booming."

"Making money hand over fist, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, there is such a big profit in novelties. Why, if one of my celebrated mechanical jumping frogs gets broken that takes the profits off a whole week's business."

"Well, I've come to patronize you."

"Why, you don't mean to give up lying on paper and go in the show business, do you?"

"No. I will reveal a secret."

"Reveal. I guess I can stand it."

"Rich uncle."

"Oh, ha!"

"Kid!"

"The plot thickens."

"Kid has a birthday party and he wants me to come up and amuse the juveniles present, and I could not think of a better way of so doing than to buy a few of your tricks."

"Noble thought! I will let you have them at trade price. Come and look at my Chamber of Horrors."

He led me into a back room and showed me the collection of novelties.

Truly they were novelties—some of them most diabolical novelties.

He assisted me in making my selections.

He chose for me a mechanical snake, which, being wound up, would crawl around the floor in good imitation of the genuine article, and was truly a most fearful-looking reptile to behold.

Then he gave me a cigar-case, which was really no cigar-case at all, but simply a trick-box, which, being opened, sent a hideous little ape into the air.

"They are two good ones," he said.

"But here is the boss."

"What's that?"

"The leaping kangaroo."

"How does he work?"

"Oh, you wind him up and he jumps all around the room. He's lots of fun, he is."

Well, I purchased the snake, the cigar-case and the kangaroo.

I felt that I would be a success at the party—make a hit as it were.

Well, I did make a hit.

But not the way I anticipated.

The night of the baby's birthday culminated.

I was promptly on hand at my uncle's residence.

He noticed the box which contained the novelties under my arm.

"What's that you've got?" he asked.

"A few tricks," I answered.

"What sort of tricks?"

"Oh, a lot of harmless little ones which will amuse the children—sort of parlor matches. You'll see them when the time comes."

"All right," cheerily said my uncle; "we will have them right after supper."

Supper came, and at supper my uncle announced that after all had gorged themselves they would take a walk in the back parlor, where I had kindly consented to give an exhibition of parlor magic.

Supper over, we all went up in the back parlor.

The company sat around on chairs, while I had a vacant space on which to do my great magical acts.

I determined my first victim would be my uncle.

I handed him the cigar case, which looked just like a real cigar case, and asked him would he take a smoke.

"Thanks," he said, "don't mind if I do."

He opened the cigar case.

The cigar case was so fixed that the act of opening it sent a hideous-looking ape plump into the opener's face.

My uncle was taken completely by surprise.

He nearly fell off his chair.

"Wh—what—what's this?" he gasped.

"Only a little trick," I said. "Ain't it a comical one? See how the people are all laughing."

My uncle reddened like most elderly gentlemen. He don't like being laughed at.

"I don't see anything very comical about that," he said. "Perhaps you have a better one?"

"I have," I answered cheerfully, as I produced my kangaroo.

I let her go after winding her up.

Well, that kangaroo did go.

It made things lively around the parlor for about a couple of minutes.

It jumped up on the mantel-shelf and knocked off a vase.

Then it made a jump for the baby, who was held by the nurse.

The nurse, however, had the presence of mind to fall down, and the kangaroo passed over their bodies.

It made a target of my uncle, and struck him in the pit of the stomach.

He howled with pain and gave the playful animal a kick.

His kick sent it flying upon a bracket on which was a handsome clock.

Nobody supposes that he meant to hit the clock, but he did hit it and knocked it, so saying, all out of time.

By this time the kangaroo had run down, and he fell to the floor harmless.

"Confound you," roared my uncle to me, "get out. Get out right away before I kick you out. What in thunder do you mean by coming in here and devastating my property?"

"But—" I endeavored to extenuate.

"No 'buts,' get out before you get kicked out."

I had gypsy blood beneath my fingernails, and I cannot brook an insult.

I would fix him for those words.

Had not I the snake left?

I wound that up as quick as I could and started it across the carpet.

Such a circus as ensued.

Half of the women fainted dead away.

My uncle done worse.

He caught a glimpse of that snake heading apparently for him, and he ran away.

The other men followed his example.

The nurse at the sight of the monster gave one yell and dropped that precious baby head first into a cuspidore.

The spittoon was a large one.

Baby was just able to get its head fastened in its mouth.

Afterwards I heard they had to break the cuspidore all to pieces before they could release him.

I concluded it was time to skip.

And I skipped.

Now, I suppose when my respected uncle leaves this world, he won't leave me a cent.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents in sending number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. A considerable trouble has been caused by those who fail to mention the paper in which they wish their answers to appear. Notice is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 34 and 36 North Moore St., N. Y. Box 2730."

WALTER McKEE.—The last number of The Golden Weekly was No. 145.

E. T. A. BOOK.—To make the required battery yourself would cost about \$10; and it might not prove satisfactory. You can purchase one for \$5 from almost any dealer in electrical machines and supplies.

Z. B. V.—To clean highly polished nickel, use a piece of soft chamois and jeweler's rouge. 2 There is no premium on a half-dollar of 1834. 3 "Afloat in a Volcano" was contained in numbers 958 to 960 of The Boys of New York.

A. ERNGARTNER.—For a good school story read "The Boss of the Boat Club," by Frank Forrest; it began in No. 3 of this paper. 2 Your writing is very uneven; try and acquire a more uniform style of forming your small letters.

W. A.—You can procure "Gerald O'Grady's Gift" in No. 1008 of THE FIVE-CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY; sent postage free upon receipt of the price. 2 Your writing is good, but would look much better if you did not use so many flourishes.

REUBEN GREEN.—The definition of the slang word "Sheeny" is "a low, common Jew." 2 In eight-ball pool push shots are not allowed. 3 You are no relation to your mother's brother's wife's brother's children. 4 They would be third-cousins once removed.

HAPPY DAYS.—You can obtain full information for using electrical batteries in "How to Make and Use Electricity." Price 10 cents. Sent post-paid upon receipt of the price. 2 Electricity passes through the body of a person and is considered good for the removal of rheumatism, nervousness and debility. 3 You can purchase medical electrical batteries from five dollars upward. There are two kinds, frictional and storage batteries, with an attachment for grading the strength of the current. 4 Your writing is fair.

ALLIGATOR.—The inhabitants of Alabama are called Lizards; of Arkansas, Tooth-picks; of California, Gold Hunters; of Colorado, Rovers; of Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; of Delaware, Muskrats; of Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; of Georgia, Buzzards; of Illinois, Suckers; of Indiana, Hoosiers; of Iowa, Hawkeyes; of Kansas, Jayhawkers; of Kentucky, Corn Crackers; of Louisiana, Creoles; of Maine, Foxes; of Maryland, Crows; of Michigan, Wolverines; of Minnesota, Gophers; of Mississippi, Tadpoles; of Missouri, Fukes; of Nebraska, Bug Eaters; of Nevada, Sage Hens; of New Hampshire, Granite Boys; of New Jersey, Blue Hens, or Clam Catchers; of New York, Knickerbockers; of North Carolina, Tar Heels, or Tuckees; of Ohio, Buckeyes; of Oregon, Web-foot and Hard Cases; of Pennsylvania, Penances and Leather Heads; of Rhode Island, Gun Flints; of South Carolina, Weasels; of Tennessee, Whelps; of Texas, Beef Heads; of Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; of Virginia, Beadles; of Wisconsin, Badgers.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)

Jack Wright and Frank Reade, Jr., the Two Young Inventors.

(Continued from page 8.)

gal to the Surat Passage, at the north of the island of Sumatra.

The boat then shot into the Straits of Malacca.

Here the climate had grown insufferably hot.

The sea blazed like a chaldron of fire, and flung up its heated rays scorchingly in the faces of the racers.

On the morning after they had started down the Malay Peninsula Jack went out on deck with a telescope and scanned the sky.

"Vot yer vos lookin' fer?" asked Fritz, through the now open dome of the turret where he stood, steering the boat.

"Frank Reade, Jr.'s electric air-ship," replied the young inventor.

"Vos yer obxect her here, Shack?"

"Well, we are pretty near the point which we agreed to designate as half way around the globe," replied Jack.

"Und yer don't vas seen some signs of him?"

"Not yet. I've been closely watching for the past two days."

"Mebbe we bassed him in der nighd, or he might abeen funder away inland or seaward so you didn't could seen him alretty."

"I think not. The route was clearly mapped out."

"Den ve vill cross der mark first."

"What's that projecting strip of land ahead there on the port side?"

"Der island vot Singapore shtands on. Dere vos Bintang island obbosite."

"Then that is the half way spot?"

"Vill I go troo Durran Strait?"

"No; head her for Bintang. We must reach that island at exactly twelve o'clock, to be on time with my schedule."

Fritz turned the boat more to the eastward and put on full speed.

The young inventor drew his watch from his pocket, and kept his glance upon the dial, for they had but few minutes left.

There was a high mass of rocks and trees toward which the boat darted, and she reached them just exactly at twelve o'clock.

"Half way round the world!" exclaimed Jack.

"How are you, Mr. Wright?"

Jack started and glanced up.

Above his head hovered the Storm King. At the rail stood Frank, bowing.

"Ah, Reade! You are exactly on time!" cried Jack.

"So are you! Let me congratulate you!" said Frank.

"The honors are evenly divided."

"Yes. There isn't a second's difference between us."

"I did not witness your approach."

"No. We were flying low. Those trees and rocks hid us from your view."

"Come down and dine with us, and we'll swap stories."

"With pleasure," replied Frank, and the Storm King descended.

She alighted in the water beside the Sea Serpent, was made fast to the submarine boat which Tim now anchored, and the next moment Jack and Frank were shaking hands, Barney and Pomp were chaffing Tim and Fritz, and Dobbs and Forrest were glaring at each other.

The two villains realized that their efforts to beat the two young inventors had thus far proven useless.

"Well!" said Dobbs, in his cold, sneering way.

"Well!" softly ejaculated Forrest, in his blandest tones.

"I see it's a tie between us thus far!"

"Yes, but that's no fault of mine, sir."

They exchanged a deep, significant glance, and it spoke volumes, for by it they each saw that the other had spared no pains to make the race a failure for the ones they accompanied.

Pomp and Fitz joined forces in the kitchen, and a finer dinner never was produced than the one they jointly prepared.

When everything was ready the eight racers sat down at one table and spent an enjoyable hour dining and telling each other the adventures they had all passed through.

It is uncertain how long their enjoyment might have lasted, had not a most rude and unexpected interruption come.

The first intimation they had of it was a chorus of the most blood-curdling yells, and as they sprang to their feet, upsetting their chairs and spilling dishes on the floor, they observed a gang of Malay pirates come swarming in.

All of these half naked wretches were armed with long bladed creeses, pistols and cutlasses, and having quietly approached the electric machines in their feluccas, they got aboard unseen.

"An attack!" exclaimed Jack. "Follow me!"

They all rushed into the kitchen and thence to the store room, closing and locking the door after them.

A shower of blows landed against the

panels the next moment from the weapons in the hands of the Malays.

"Let us have some weapons!" exclaimed Frank.

Jack gave each of them some arms and led the way to the stern exit, out of which they passed, closing it after them.

"Try to drive the natives from your air-ship!" cried Jack, "and we will regain possession of this boat."

Frank, Barney and Pomp cut the lines holding the Storm King to the Sea Serpent and boarded the flying machine.

There were a number of the natives on the deck, but Frank and his three companions shot at them and drove them aft.

Rushing into the turret, the young inventor started the helices and the Storm King mounted into the air, carrying the Malays up with her, and Frank rushed out on deck again.

A terrific conflict then began between Frank's party and the pirates.

Jack saw scores of the yelling Malays coming toward the Sea Serpent in their feluccas on all sides, brandishing their weapons and exhibiting a most savage disposition.

"If those fellows reach us, we'll have a tough struggle to escape alive!" he exclaimed. "Let's sink the boat. We'll be able to cope with the men aboard of her now."

There was a large number on the deck, and many more trying to climb up, and our friends attacked them with intense fury.

Shot after shot was fired and the Malays were driven from the deck into the sea.

Rushing for the dome, our friends got in, closed the windows, and Jack pulled the sea valves open.

Down sunk the submarine boat, and as Jack turned on the air supply, the Malays below observed through the bulls'-eyes that the vessel was sinking and uttering a wild yell, rushed for the turret.

"Stand by to repel them!" shouted Jack ringingly.

He and his friends stood aiming their revolvers at the stairway and the moment the pirates rushed up, they began to fire at them.

In a moment a terrific scene of wild tumult ensued.

To betray the slightest timidity now meant certain death for the inmates of the boat.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INDIAN LION HUNT.

We must return to the point where we left Frank's party for explanation.

With but one shot left in his rifle, the tiger yet alive, the hostile Koreans rushing toward them, and the Storm King mounting the sky, Frank and his two friends were in a desperate situation.

"I must bring that air-ship down at all hazards," exclaimed the young inventor.

"Then we can take care of the beast and the natives."

From where he stood he had a good view of the keyboard in the turret of the air-ship, for the moonlight was slanting down on the polished row of nickle-plated levers, and the Storm King was yet in easy range.

Frank was a magnificent marksman.

He aimed at the third lever and discharged his rifle.

True to its mark sped the bullet, and striking the key, it moved it over, broke it off, and as the current was cut out of the lifting wheels, the air-ship began to drop earthward, buoyed by her wings.

A fierce expletive ripped from the lips of Benjamin Dobbs, who stood in the turret, for his evil plan to abandon our friends to their fate was thwarted by Frank, and he now knew he must aid them.

All sorts of excuses entered his mind, to explain to the inventor why he had sent the air-ship up in the sky, instead of going to their aid.

The Koreans did not observe the wounded tiger until they had rushed close up to it, and then the maddened beast sprang for them, as they happened to be the nearest human beings to it.

A wild yell of dismay escaped the natives.

Brought to a pause by the unexpected attack of the tiger, they aimed their spears, swords, and arrows at the beast.

"Charge, while they are diverted!" cried Frank.

"Look out fo' dis yere head!" roared Pomp, dashing on.

"An' begorra, here's a broth av a shtick wid which to bate them!" cried Barney, pulling a blackthorn shillelah from his hip pocket.

"Hurrool! Say yer prayers, ye spalpeens, for I'm goin' ter kick yer up ter ther clouds!"

Clubbing his rifle, Frank pitched into the Koreans.

Pomp's hard skull was a regular battering ram, for every time he butted a native, the man went down as if kicked by a mule.

Nor was the work Barney performed less effective, for his stick rattled a lively tattoo upon the shaven heads of their

foes, and sent them howling with pain to the right and left.

The weapons of the natives were aimed at the dashing fellows, but they parried and dodged the sword cuts and spear thrusts, and passing the tiger, which now lay dead, they rushed for the air-ship.

She had alighted not far from where she had risen beside the stream from which they had been filling the water tanks.

Frank and his friends literally burst a passage through the ranks of their foes, and as Dobbs had to make up for his former neglect, he now came out on deck with a repeating rifle and opened fire on the natives.

Several of them were wounded.

The rest dashed away up the mountain canyon.

Frank and his companions then reached the air-ship in safety.

The moment they got upon the deck, the young inventor asked:

"What did you mean by abandoning us to our fate that way, Dobbs?"

"I beg your pardon for my confounded stupidity," replied the man, in apologetic tones, "but the fact is, I became so rattled at the sight of those natives, that I scarcely knew what I was doing. Indeed, I confess that my first thought was to escape, and in my sudden panic, I pulled the lever, and shot up in the air. As soon as I recovered from my momentary fright, I was just going to drop the Storm King down and go to your aid, when you saved me the trouble. That was a remarkably fine shot, too. I hope my subsequent defense of you will excuse my first cowardice."

"You certainly acted in a despicable manner," replied Frank, coolly, "but in view of what you did to redeem yourself afterwards, I presume I can do nothing but forgive you."

The tanks were filled with water, and the lever was repaired.

Then the Storm King mounted the sky, and headed for China.

Several days afterwards she arrived in the vicinity of Kesho, on the Red river, in Cochin China, near the Gulf of Tong-King.

Here an accident befell them, which nearly put an end to their lives, and greatly delayed them.

Seeing a troop of native soldiers pursuing a coolie who had probably committed some offense, they undertook to rescue the man.

The soldiers fled in alarm from the air-ship, and Frank, Dobbs and Pomp alighted to pick up the coolie who had fallen, but they found that he had died from the effect of several bullet wounds.

Before they could get back to the air-ship the soldiers recovered, and swooping down upon them, captured them.

Barney retained possession of the air-ship and sent it up in the sky.

Ere he could do anything for his friends, the soldiers carried them into the city and put them in prison.

The Irishman, tortured by all sorts of fears, hovered over the city for three days, trying to devise a means of rescuing them.

On the night of the third day the three prisoners were taken out in the prison court, bound hand and foot, and were compelled to kneel in a row, each with his head bent over a pail.

Over each prisoner stood a Chinese executioner, armed with a sword.

These weapons were raised to chop off the prisoners' heads so they would drop into the pails, when down came three shots from the sky, the executioners dropped dead, and the Storm King descended.

The witnesses fled in dismay.

In a few moments the air-ship alighted. Barney debarked and liberated his friends.

The moment they all got aboard, the machine flew up in the air, and sped away toward the island of Borneo.

She finally reached the vicinage of Singapore, just in time to meet the submarine boat, and then the attack of the Malays followed.

Frank was determined not to suffer defeat.

"Don't spare a man!" he shouted to his friends.

"Be heavens, I'll shtrew ther deck wid ther remains," roared Barney.

And, bang—bang—bang—bang! went the pistols Jack gave them.

"Golly!" screamed Pomp. "Ten pins amn' in it wif dis yere game."

"They're losing courage!" cried Benjamin Dobbs, excitedly.

Crack—bang! went the pistols again.

Every time the weapons spoke a Malay fell.

The pirates poured back a murderous discharge, and Barney and Frank were slightly wounded, but did not mention it then.

They did not wish to discourage their companions.

"Give them a fusillade!" cried Frank, sternly.

A simultaneous discharge followed, and several more of the men fell.

"Hurrool!" yelled Barney excitedly.

"We have thim now!"

"Rush them forward!" cried Frank.

A resolute charge was made.

Then a panic seized the Malays.

Flinging away their weapons, they ran. None of them expected any mercy, and in their desperation the whole crowd leaped from the air-ship on all sides.

She was then over one thousand feet from the sea, and although all of them reached the water alive, but few survived the appalling dive.

Frank and the rest shouted at them to pause.

It was useless, however, for they did not understand English.

Within a few moments the deck was cleared.

"Victory!" cried Frank, waving his cap triumphantly.

"Fo' de Lawd's sakes, dis wuz one ob dem real easy tings!" chuckled Pomp.

"You'd better stop the air-ship, or we'll reach the stars," said Dobbs.

"Faix, it's as dacent a ruction as iver I had," declared Barney.

Sending his crew below to search the Storm King for any more of the Malays who might yet be aboard, Frank entered the turret and slackened the revolutions of the suspending wheels.

The ascent of the flying machine was stopped.

He then sent her flying ahead on her course along the coast in the direction of India, and then dressed his wound.

In a few moments Barney returned with his wound bandaged.

"No more av ther spalpeens aboard," announced he.

"Good! We can go right ahead now."

"Bedad, ther doivin' boat do be undher ther wather yet."

"I have faith in Jack Wright's ability to cope with the natives."

"Without wishin' harrum upon ther foine lad, shure an' it's hopin' I am that thim black devils will give thim a tussle that will kape thim a week, so we'll be after batin' him in ther race!"

"No danger of that, Barney."

The Storm King plunged into a cloud then, and all traces of the earth and sea vanished from Frank's view.

Heavy head winds, caused by the monsoon, were encountered, and although the air-ship was alternately raised and lowered to get her out of them, she was delayed a great deal.

There were times when she not only could not make any headway against them, but she was frequently driven back.

When the southern coast of India was finally seen, she was several days behind the time figured for her arrival there.

Frank felt uneasy about it, for he knew it would require steady, hard driving to make up the time thus lost.

"Doan' yo' worry 'bout dat, Massa Frank," said Pomp to him, in an effort to be consoling. "Kain't we saba a day goin' roun' de worl' dis way?"

"Well, according to our arrangement of time," said Frank, "by going around the globe from east to west, on returning to the place of departure we would find that we have saved a day. Wright, by going from west to east, will lose a day. But we have agreed not to count that way, as we are not racing against time. It takes about sixty days to go around the earth on the 45th parallel of latitude."

The coon's dusky face lengthened.

What he meant for cheerful news was useless.

"Spees yo' know mo'-bout dat dan I does," said he, reflectively scratching his woolly head. "Ise done lunk we gwine ter saba a day, dat's all."

"No cheating allowed in this race, Pomp," laughed Frank.

"Twouldn't do fo' dat chile ter play cards," muttered Pomp, moving away.

The sun was sinking in the west, and Frank crossed the deck and glanced down at the Indian landscape below.

It was a beautiful panorama.

Upon a great depression lay a vast jungle, in the midst of which stood an old ruined temple of Siva, the Hindoo deity.

There was a hunting party in howdahs on the backs of ten elephants, going through the jungle in quest of a maneless lion.

The hunt was given by the Maharajah of Mysore for the pleasure of Gen. Grant during the time he was making a tour of the world, and both the Indian prince and the great American soldier occupied a howdah on a big elephant.

They were attended by a large retinue, and had chased the lion into a swamp.

The elephant upon which the general rode had become separated from the rest, and plunging into the swamp, its huge legs became stuck in the thick mud.

Its loud trumpeting attracted the lion's attention, and it sprang on the elephant's neck.

The elephant driver, squatting on the animal's head, was knocked to the ground.

Both the general and the maharajah were armed with rifles, and discharged them at the lion; but the brute gave a roar and scrambled upon the elephant's

back, slightly wounded and rendered furious by the shots.

Crouching down, the lion prepared to spring into the howdah, and as the two men had no chance to reload their weapons and fire again before the brute leaped for them, there seemed but little chance for them to save their lives.

Frank had witnessed the first attack, and shouted some directions to Barney.

A new drag-rope, with a grapnel on the end, had been fastened to a ring bolt, and Frank dropped it over the side, saw that he had a pistol in his belt, and slid down the line.

Reaching the grapnel he drew his pistol, but to his dismay saw it was not loaded.

He dropped it and the air-ship going ahead, swept him squarely towards the elephant.

Just then the lion was about to spring at the prince and the general.

As quick as a flash Frank let himself go head downward from the prongs of the grapnel by hanging by his legs.

Just as he was being carried over the elephant's back, the lion made a leap for the two men in the howdah.

As the beast bounded into the air, Frank dexterously seized it by one of its hind legs with both hands arresting its jump.

On went the air-ship above, and the gaunt beast was dragged away from its intended victims by the muscular young inventor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEXT WEEK WE SHALL ANNOUNCE
THE TITLE OF ANOTHER GRAND STORY,
SOON TO COMMENCE IN HAPPY DAYS.

[This story commenced in No. 1.]

MAZEPPA No. 2,

— THE —
Boy Fire Company of Carlton;
OR,

Plucky Work on Ladder and Line.

By ROBERT LENNOX,

Author of "Wide Awake Will, the Plucky
Boy Fireman of No. 3," "Harry
Hook, the Boy Fireman of No.
1," "Dick Dasher, the Boy
Bicycle Rider," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOM LEARNS OF SOMETHING IMPORTANT.

It took but a single moment for Tom to understand that Al had outwitted both him and the policeman.

The officer believing his prisoner unconscious from the blow he had received on the head, did not keep as strict watch over him as he otherwise would have done. Al had played the fainting business with that very object in view.

The first thing he knew his prisoner was up and away like a deer.

He did not call to him to halt as the law required, but drew his revolver and blazed away at him to kill. In the darkness, however, his bullets went wide of the mark, and the fugitive went straight ahead.

"Don't shoot again!" cried Tom. "I'll run him down! Come on!" and the young fireman sprang away in pursuit at the top of his speed.

The officer ran too, but was soon left behind.

Al was running for life.

Tom was a fleet-footed fireman, so it was fast running all round.

Tom came in sight of him as he passed under the next street lamp. But he was going like the wind.

"I'll get him or die!" he said, as he bounded forward in hot pursuit. "He can't play that game on me!"

Suddenly he saw Al meet two men and come to a full stop.

He spoke hastily to them and one drew a revolver as Tom got nearer to them.

Crack!

A bullet whistled by Tom's head, and he came to a halt.

"Stop that fellow!" he cried—"he is the one to stop!"

"Kill him!" cried Al. "He is a murderer and tried to kill me! Give me that pistol!"

He snatched the weapon from the hand of the man ere the latter really knew what he was doing and began blazing away at Tom, advancing at the same time.

Tom retreated, for he did not care to stop any bullets.

But the policeman came running up and gave Tom the revolver he had taken away from Al when he first arrested him, saying:

"Now let him have it!"

Tom turned and began firing.

The policeman opened fire, too.

Crack!

Crack!

Bang!

Bang!

The two citizens who had armed Al took to their heels when they saw that an officer was in it.

That demoralized Al and he ran, too, going down another street.

"Let him have it!"

Crack!

Crack!

Tom and the officer both followed blazing away at him.

It was amazing how the bullets could fly without hitting him! He seemed to bear a charmed life, and he was fast getting away from them again when another policeman in front of him sung out:

"Halt, or I'll shoot!"

"Don't shoot!" Al cried, coming to a full halt.

"Hold up your hands!"

Al held them up, and Tom and the two officers soon joined him.

He held a smoking revolver in one hand and it was promptly taken away from him.

The next moment a pair of steel nippers were on his wrists.

"That will hold him, I guess," Tom remarked.

"They haven't put any on you, I see," Al remarked.

"I don't need any. I don't belong to the criminal class."

"Nor do I."

"I am not sure about that," and Tom shook his head.

"Come along, sir," the first officer said, taking the prisoner by the arm and leading the way toward the station house.

Not a word was uttered on the way, and they soon reached the station house.

The captain was at the desk. He knew Tom as the intrepid young foreman of Mazeppa No. 2, and greeted him with:

"Hello, Hazen! What is it?"

"Don't you know this chap, captain?"

Tom asked, pointing toward Al.

The captain looked at him, shook his head, and said:

"No; what's he been doing?"

"I'll tell you my story and the officer here can back it up with what he knows about it," and then he told all about it in as few words as possible.

"It's all a lie—I didn't attack him, or even try to do so," Al said, interrupting him. "I was in disguise because I was hunting for one who had robbed me some time ago. He knew me, so I had to get up a disguise."

"Well, I shall have to hold you, and let the court decide as to your guilt."

"You will hold him, too; he knocked me down with that club in his hand there."

"There is no charge against him," the captain replied.

"But I make one against him. You only have his word for what he has said."

"But I am not holding you on his charge. I hold you on the charge made by the officer that you fired at both him and Hazen," and the captain ordered him to be locked up in a cell.

As he was being led away Al turned to Tom and hissed:

"We will meet again!"

"But not in a fire as we did the other night," Tom replied.

Al made no rejoinder, but went with the officer to his cell.

"You must be at the police court at nine o'clock to-morrow morning," the captain said to Tom.

"Yes; I'll be there."

"By all means; it is very important."

On his way home, as the hour was not late, Tom went by the Carlton House. He found Jack Thorn and Ben Stewart there.

In a few words he told them what had happened.

By some means he was overheard and in five minutes it was known that Al Morton was locked up in a police cell on a serious charge.

The banker came down and sent for Tom.

"I hear that you have brought the news that my son is in a police station," he said to Tom.

"Yes, sir; but I did not intend to make it public. Some one overheard me telling my friends about it."

"That's all right. Which station is he in?"

"The James Street."

"Do you know what the charge against him is?"

"Shooting at me on the street."

"Shooting at you!"

"Yes, sir."

"What's the trouble between you two?" the astonished banker asked.

"You'll have to get him to explain that, as it's more than I can do."

The banker called a carriage and accompanied by a friend, hurried away to the station.

A crowd gathered to discuss the news, and Tom flatly refused to say anything more about it.

Just as he was going to leave the hotel a young man came to him and said:

"A young lady in the ladies' parlor wishes to see you before you go."

Tom half suspected who she was and very promptly made his way to the ladies' parlor.

As he expected it was Miss Pelham. She greeted him with:

"I sent for you for I wanted to ask if you received a message to the effect that I wished to see you?"

"Yes," he replied, "and I called that evening, sent up my card and was told you could not see me."

"Why, I never saw your card, and did not send down any such message," and she seemed very much surprised.

"I thought it strange," Tom remarked. "Of course you did. To whom did you give it?"

"To the clerk at the desk, and he sent it up by one of the hall boys."

"Do you know which one?"

"Yes. He is slender and red-headed."

"Ah!" and a light seemed to come to her. "I think I can get at it now. I wanted to see that trumpet with the bullet hole in it."

"I shall be happy to bring or send it to you."

"Bring it to me, please," and then she made him tell her all about the shooting at the fire, and the escape of the mysterious old man.

Ere he was aware of it, he had spent two hours with her in the parlor of the hotel, and when he arose to leave, she gave him her hand, saying:

"I shall expect you to bring that trumpet to-morrow evening."

"I shall do so with pleasure," and then he left and made his way down-stairs.

Just as he and Jack and Ben were leaving the hotel, they met Al Morton and his father coming in.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BANKER AND HIS HOPEFUL SON.

ON reaching the station house the banker gave his name to the captain and asked to be permitted to see his son. He was shown into the captain's private office, and Al was sent for. He had a frown on his face, for he was annoyed at the situation.

Al did not know who he was to meet when he was ushered into the room. The pain of the blow he had received on the head still hurt him, and a lump half as big as an egg had risen there.

"What in the world have you been up to, Albert?" exclaimed his father the moment he entered the room.

Al was astonished at meeting his father there, but he was quick witted enough to put a good face on the matter by saying:

"I have been doing some detective work in disguise and got into trouble about it, that's all."

"You have done nothing wrong?"

"No, sir, save by being armed and in disguise. I believe that is against the law."

"But you are charged with shooting at the police and—"

"No, I did not shoot at the police. I shot at Tom Hazen in self-defense."

"What's the trouble between you and Hazen? We all feel very grateful to him!"

"We had a fight a little while before the fire at our home, and he has been doing all he could to ruin me ever since. Just feel of that lump on my head. He gave me that to-night with a club, knocking me senseless. If I had not used a revolver I'd have been murdered."

The banker felt of the lump on his head, and exclaimed:

"Why, that was enough to kill an ox! Just feel of that, captain."

The captain felt of it, and said:

"It was a pretty good blow, I should say."

"I should think it was," and all the indignation of an indulgent father was aroused. "I am going to push the law on that fellow if it takes the last dollar I have in the bank."

He then, by reason of his wealth and influence, was permitted to take Al home with him, promising to have him in court at nine o'clock the next morning.

On the way home Al told his father his side of the story, and in doing so did not confine himself to the truth, and so gained the favor of the old man more than ever.

They both saw Tom as they entered the hotel, but did not say anything to him. The banker wished to keep matters quiet until he had consulted his lawyer.

Mrs. Morton clasped Al in her arms and cried over him only as any fond mother would have done, and his sister was almost hysterical in her joy.

The latter ran to Dora's room, and exclaimed:

"Oh, cousin! Brother has come back! Come and see him!"

"Excuse me, please. I am going to bed now. I am glad he has returned, though!"

"Cousin Dora, I really think you are

cruel," said the loving sister, her eyes filling with tears.

"I am sorry you think so," was the reply.

Early the next morning Dora Pelham sent for the landlord, and said:

"A gentleman called to see me one evening last week, and sent up his card to me. It was taken back to him, with a message to the effect that I could not see him. I never saw the card, nor did I send that message. That slender red-haired hall-boy brought up the card, and it was received and sent by the night clerk, I believe. I insist on an investigation of the matter, that I may know who is at the bottom of this impertinence."

"I am greatly surprised, Miss Pelham," said the landlord, "and will look into it at once, and let you know the result."

Being the daughter of the governor the landlord lost no time in looking into the matter for her. Half an hour later he came to the young lady and said:

"I have found out all about it. The night clerk says that young Mr. Morton told him that young Hazen was presuming on his having done you a favor and that you did not wish to see him, so he told him to do as he did when Hazen called and sent up his card."

Dora Pelham's eyes flashed with indignation.

"My cousin had no right to do that," she said. "Tell the clerk to send up any card intended for me hereafter."

"I will do so with pleasure and promptly discharge any one who fails to do so," the landlord said as he bowed himself out of her presence.

In the meantime Mr. Morton had sent for his lawyer to go with Al to the police court and then to push the law on Tom Hazen.

The lawyer shook his head when he heard Al's story, and turning to his father, said:

"My advice is that you get out of this case as easily as possible and then drop the matter."

"And not arrest Hazen?"

"No; if you do you'll get the worst of it. But let's go to the police court and see what the situation is."

Tom was there when the three alighted from a carriage.

Mr. Morton, who had once pledged him a life-long friendship, gave him a scowling glance and passed into the court room.

The policeman who had arrested Al corroborated Tom's story, and so the prisoner had no witness but himself. Cross examination ruined him, and the case went against him. He was held in bail for a higher court. His father promptly gave bail for him, and they returned to the hotel together.

That evening the Morton family were denouncing Tom Hazen in the severest terms before Dora Pelham.

"What do you think of him, dear?" Mrs. Morton asked her niece.

"I think him entirely innocent," was the reply.

"Indeed! And what do you think of Albert?"

"I think he is wrong—guilty of crime."

"A criminal!"

"Yes, aunt, and I have the proof of it. If uncle goes to law with Mr. Hazen your son will go to prison."

Mrs. Morton came near fainting on hearing that, and then poured out a flood of wrath on her niece for daring to speak so of her son—her Albert.

"You had better scold him instead of me, aunt," Dora said. "I am not in any danger, but he is. If you want to know more I can tell you more."

"What do you know?" the mother demanded.

Then Dora told her mother everything, and cited the proofs of Al's guilt.

Mr. Morton was dumfounded.

He was hard headed and entirely devoid of sentiment.

"If all that is true," he said to his wife, "a million dollars can't save him from State prison. The boy is a fool and knave combined."

"But it isn't true—not a word of it!" gasped the mother.

"You can easily find out," Dora said. "I give you the names of six men who are witnesses. The chief of the fire department is one of them. Go and see him!"

"I will see Hazen myself," said the banker, "so don't say any more about it till I have talked with him."

"You can see him this evening," Dora said. "He is coming to see me and bring the trumpet with the bullet holes in it."

"Dora Pelham! Are you going to permit that low born, greasy workingman to visit you?" and Mrs. Morton's eyes flashed as she asked the question.

"Yes, aunt, I am going to receive him this evening in the ladies' parlor."

"I shall write to your father at once to send for you. You need someone to watch over you."

"If father sends for me I shall go, of course. But I'll tell him all about your model son."

That was a hard cut. Mrs. Morton was proud of the name and fame of Dora's father, her brother, and dreaded to have him know aught that could give him a bad opinion of one of her children. She did not make any reply but arose and left the room.

Dora waited for the expected visit of Tom Hazen, and when she received his card she quickly repaired to the ladies' parlor to receive him.

"Oh, you have brought the trumpet!" she said, as she took it from his hands and examined the bullet holes in it.

Mr. Morton came in ere he could say anything to her, and said:

"Pardon me for intruding, but my niece said I could see you too. May I ask you a few questions?"

"As many as you please, sir," Tom replied.

In ten minutes the rich banker had the

gy written out and duly signed in the presence of a notary public. He will never move me from that point. I've got Al where he must behave himself or go to State prison, and am not going to let go of him."

Morton bowed and left the room. "Oh, but I am glad you did not yield to him," Dora said as soon as her uncle left the room.

"I am glad you are not offended with me," Tom replied.

"On the contrary I am more than pleased," she returned. "If Al is not promptly held in check he will come to some bad end."

"I quite agree with you on that," said Tom, as he sat down by her side on the sofa. She still held the silver trumpet in her hands and kept looking at the ragged holes made by the bullet. He watched her and wondered why she was so much interested in the instrument. At last she said:

"I will make her a present of a dress, if she will accept it."

Tom looked at her in rapt admiration, and said:

"That's why we all love you—you have such a big heart, Miss Pelham."

"Oh, she lost everything in the fire!"

"Yes, so she did. Shall I send her word to come and see you?"

"No. Give me her address, and I will call on her."

Tom wrote Dolly Raines' address on a card, and gave it to her. She put it away in a portmanteau, and then proceeded to ask him a number of questions about the ceremonies of the parade, all of which he answered the best he could.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

The great firebell struck and Tom bounded to his feet.

She sprang up, too, and threw the loop

—the first to reach the prostrate young fireman.

"Hello! That's Miss Pelham!" exclaimed one of the guests of the house, and a rush was made to assist her.

When they got there she was holding Tom's head in her lap, and blood was staining her dress.

"He is hurt!" she said. "Take him into the house."

Several guests took him up and bore him toward the entrance of the hotel.

"Call an ambulance!" sung out the hotel clerk.

"No. Take him in and call a doctor!" said Dora Pelham.

Some one called an ambulance, though, but ere it arrived Dora said to the landlord:

"Have him put in your best room and charge it to me. He shall not go to a hospital. Having saved my life, I'll see what I can do for him."

"That's right," the landlord replied, and in a few minutes Tom was borne up to one of the best rooms in the hotel, and the regular house physician summoned.

It proved to be a bad case of concussion of the brain, and not until the next morning did he come to in a way to know anything.

The first one he saw was Dora Pelham, who sat by his bedside.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"In the Carlton House," she replied.

"You were hurt last night and they brought you in here."

"Ah, I remember! The old woman—was she hurt?"

"No, she got up and walked away."

"Why didn't they take me to the hospital?"

"I would not let them. I wanted to nurse you myself," and though she was pale from loss of sleep, she blushed red.

"And you have been here all night, have you not?"

"The doctor says you must not talk too much. A man with a broken head must keep quiet."

"Is my head broken?"

"I guess it must be cracked a little as you won't keep quiet."

He smiled and gazed at her in silence for some minutes, and then asked:

"Will you let me say three words?"

"Yes, if you will keep quiet then."

"I love you."

Those were the three words, and when she heard them she leaned over and kissed him and said:

"I love you."

His hand sought hers, and a profound silence reigned in the room till the doctor came.

A few minutes later a servant came in and whispered to Dora:

"Your father has come and wishes to see you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR FRIENDS WHAT A GRAND STORY PAPER HAPPY DAYS IS? IF NOT, DO SO.

HANDSOME HARRY

— OF THE —

FIGHTING BELVEDERE.

By CASTON CARNE,

Author of "Around the World on a Safety," "Across the Continent on a Safety," "We Three; or, The White Boy Slaves of the Soudan," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LI.

KING MATTA RETURNS TO HIS PEOPLE.

A THRUST from our hero's cutlass settled the tiger, and Tom and Ira finished the lion between them. The deer, probably awake from its stupor by these demonstrations, started up and flew away.

"Thank you, Massa Harry," said Ching-Ching, sitting up. "You allus on the spot when you very much wanted. Oh, tank you!"

"If all the Belvedere's men were slain this man would get off free," said Harry. "Poor Samson."

"All right, Massa Harry," returned Samson, and Witta coming to a general round of congratulations were exchanged.

"And who have we here?" exclaimed Ira Staines. "Hollo, it's old Door-mat! I suppose we can come on to it now?"

"Wif my leave, sar," returned Ching-Ching, who was seated upon it fanning himself. "Dis mine now. I capture him after a long and terrible fight. Dis de spoils of war."

"Who did you fight with?" asked Tom.

"The whole ob de Mandingoes," replied Ching-Ching. "We divide 'em into two parts. Samson lick de one and I take de oder. It sumfin like a fight, I 'sure you."



SUDDENLY TOM DARTED FORWARD TO SAVE HER. HE CAUGHT HER ROUND THE WAIST AND FELL TO THE STONE PAVEMENT WITH HER, AND THE ENGINE BARELY MISSED THEM AS IT THUNDERED BY.

whole story, and was mad enough to horse-whip his hopeful son.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOM IS HURT AGAIN, BUT DOES NOT REGRET IT.

TEN minutes were enough for him to learn all the facts, and the crestfallen banker asked:

"If he will apologize will you let the matter stop at that?"

"Yes, if he will make a written one, stating what he apologizes for."

"Good Lord, man, do you mean that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why do you wish to hold him in your grip that way?"

"Because I do not think he would behave himself under any other circumstances. There is no good principle in him, sir."

"But I will stand for him."

"That would do no good. He has done all this without your knowledge or mine."

"Yes, but if you should lose the paper and some one found it he might be subjected to blackmail by means of it."

"Yes, that's true. It's a risk he must run. I don't intend to take any more risks myself."

The banker was astonished at the firmness as well as coolness of the young fireman.

"I'll have my lawyer talk the matter over with you," he finally said as he rose to leave the room.

"If his time is worth anything to him," Tom replied, "tell him to have the apolo-

"This is ruined. You must have another one."

"Oh, no. I would not part with that trumpet for one made of pure gold."

"Why not? It's ruined, isn't it?"

"No. Those bullet holes are badges of honor. I prize the trumpet for the sake of the donor."

"Do you indeed?"

"I do. There is not wealth enough in the State to buy it from me."

She blushed rosy red and said:

"I am so glad to hear you say that. I was afraid you would not care to keep it now that it had holes in it."

"I would keep it though it had a thousand holes in it. Do you know our boys just worship you."

She blushed again.

"Yes," he continued. "They want you and Miss Dollie Raines to ride on our engine horses on our big parade."

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed.

"Will you do it?"

She looked at him in silence for a minute or two and then asked:

"Is Miss Raines willing to do it?"

"Yes. She told me so last night."

"And the boys of Mazeppa wish me to?" she asked.

"Yes—every one of them."

"Do you wish to have me do so?"

"Yes, if you do not object. We all look upon you as our patron saint."

"Then I will ride. I must see Miss Raines, as we should both dress alike."

"I fear she can't afford to dress as you would," Tom remarked.

of the silk cord of the trumpet over his head, saying:

"Be prudent for—my sake!"

Tom grasped her right hand in his and pressed it to his lips.

Then with a bound he was away.

He knew that Mazeppa No. 2 would come that way.

In less than two minutes the roar of the fire engine was heard coming down the street. Tom waited in front of the hotel to join the boys as they came by.

An old beggar woman, evidently very deaf, came toward him from the opposite side of the street.

"Go back! Go back!" Tom yelled at her, but she slouched forward right in front of the careering steeds.

"The old fool!" hissed Tom, and at the same moment the driver of the engine as well as the spectators cried out for her to go back.

Suddenly Tom darted forward to save her.

He caught her round the waist and fell to the stone pavement with her, and the engine barely missed them as it thundered by.

A few seconds later the hook and ladder truck dashed by and passed out of sight.

"He barely saved her life," said one of the spectators in front of the hotel.

"Yes, but a life not worth the risk or trouble to save," remarked another.

"He must be hurt," said another. "He hasn't moved since he fell."

At that moment a young woman who had seen all from the window of the ladies' parlor, ran out and darted across the street

A more voracious account of the business was extracted from Samson, who had either imbibed a little less rum or was better able to stand it. There was a deal of laughter over it, and Harry's face for the time wore a brighter smile upon it than Tom had ever seen before.

"I suppose," he said, "that every drama of life has its underplot of low comedy, and these two fellows are ours. Fall in there—we must get back to the ship—all but the two Mandingoes."

Witta turned palpably pale, and nearly fell over Bettie in the suddenness of the emotion with which he was afflicted.

"Massa Englese gen'leman," he said, "don't leave me behind."

"Oh, I have enough aggravating fools on board," replied Harry.

"But he saved my life and Chingy's, Massa Harry," softly whispered Samson.

"Then bring him; but this other fellow we will not have."

The "other fellow" was "King Matta," whose eyes twinkled as he thought of the cheerful prospect of being left behind. He resolved as soon as he got free, to hasten to his people and come back and destroy the enemy.

"Loose his hands," said Harry, "and let him go."

A sailor cut the rough cords which Samson had made, and his majesty with a vindictive look, left the hut.

"Berrer keep him, sar," whispered Witta; "he rouse de people."

"Let them come," said Harry; "what can they do? Fall in, and back to the Belvedere."

A loud hurrah followed this command, and the gallant party, which had not lost a single man in all the perils which had beset their road, marched briskly into the wood in the direction of the shore.

It was not until they were out of sight that King Matta showed any remarkable activity, and then he struck out at a running pace in a northerly direction towards the mourning plain of his people, which he knew very well.

He was very much elated, for he was confident of success. Full five hundred men he could put into the field at once, and three times that number could easily be summoned from other villages. Revenge is sweet—particularly to the savage reared in the justice of wrong for wrong.

It is doubtful if he would have cared for the loss of anything except his mat. The white-faces might have taken half his tribe, all his wives, and every particle of wool from his head, but the loss of that mat was more than he could bear.

I dare say some wise people will laugh at the savage king, or go further, and doubt that such a weakness for a bundle of plaited grass could possibly exist. Will such please call to mind the tenacity with which great men have clung to pieces of ribbon, two-pennyworth of bronze in the form of a medal, and what is less substantial—an empty title.

King Matta loved his mat, for it was woven of the grass of Panama, and was the only one he knew of in the country. It was his, and he alone had a right to stand or sit upon it, and strangers were not often permitted the privilege. As for his own people, they dare no more to sit upon it, or put a foot within a yard of it, than they dare put their heads into the mouth of a lion.

And yet he had been robbed of it by a base Chinnee with a pigtail—an unbeliever in Bettie and all the good things of the Mandingoe people.

Revenge! That was the watchword that led him on till midnight, when he came in sight of his people performing the "Dance of Death" around a huge fire.

They had been at that sort of work for some time, and had brought their feelings to a pitch of frenzy, which found a vent in the wildest antics and the most diabolical howls.

"Just de spirit to be in," thought King Matta, rubbing his hands. "I gib 'em sumfin' now."

"My people!" he cried, rushing into their midst and throwing up his arms.

The dancing ceased almost instantaneously, and the mob of brutes fell back, staring at their king with affrighted look.

"My people!" he cried again.

"The king's spirit!" shouted one, and they all turned and fled.

In vain King Matta shouted, in vain he yelled and implored of them to return. Terror lent them wings, and one and all being in much better training than himself, he was speedily left behind.

The fury he felt before was nothing to what took possession of him now. He danced, he roared, and, exhausted at length, he sat down by the fire and wept.

After a little while he fell asleep, and was favored with a most awful nightmare, from which he was awoken by the jangling of bells and the tramping of feet. A rope was thrown around him, and he was bound.

Looking up he beheld a face familiar to him—that of a trader to whom he had often sold slaves.

"Ab-del-Kier!" he cried.

The slave-dealer nodded.

"You know me," pleaded King Matta; "me very often sell you slave—me, Matta, King of the Mandingoes."

"Thou hast made a mistake," replied Ab-del-Kier, shaking his head. "The Mandingoe people tell me that their king is dead."

"But dat king am me."

"Matta was never without his mat—where is thine?"

"Me not got him."

"Then you are not Matta," replied the Arab, coolly. "Proceed there," and, bound as many a man he had sold in times gone by, King Matta was led away to slavery.

CHAPTER LII.

THE SLAVER.

THE Belvedere was speeding its way with a cloud of canvas swelling out before the breeze, bent upon touching the African coast further south, from whence Harry proposed to strike into the Foulah country.

He had no hope of discovering his foe—at the best he only hoped to get some tidings of his whereabouts or the direction in which he had gone. At present he was quite in the dark, and as usual, chafed under another threatened long delay.

Apart from this great trial of his life, he was as merry and good-natured as any—free with his purse, free with his arm, free in every way when a friend needed help—but the loss of his brother and the vexatious delay in the pursuit of his foes often made him hasty with those around him.

But he was loved none the less, for who was more ready to come forward and make handsome amends for the word spoken in anger, and in doing this he made no distinction between officers and men; and he was fairly idolized on board his craft.

Ching-Ching, the flatterer, soon lost the oily power of his tongue in his presence, and only at rare intervals presumed to offer him a compliment, but to others our friend remained much the same.

With Bill Grunt and old Cutten matters remained as before, and the spirit of antagonism towards Samson and Ching-Ching was as lively as before, and with good reasons, for no opportunity for a practical joke was ever allowed to slip by, and at times their lives were, as Bill often remarked, "like the lives of a werry dog."

The arrival of Witta was not at first received with any satisfaction; the men neither liked him nor the race from which he sprang, but the wise man was indeed wise in his generation, and by persistent good humor and unqualified submission made his way to their good will.

He also, in conjunction with Ching-Ching and Samson, helped to lighten the monotony of the daily lives of the sailors. Witta was as active as any professional tumbler, and Ching-Ching was a little more so, we know. Samson—strong as a bull—made an excellent base for their performances, and the result was truly astounding.

That conjuring-box of Ching-Ching's, too, was a great addition to the Belvedere, and sometimes in the evenings he would go aft and perform before Harry, Tom and Ira—spinning the top and producing the orange tree from the empty flower pot, and so on, but he never once allowed mortal man—not even Samson—to inspect the apparatus.

"No, genlymen," he would say, "once the apperatus get touch by oder hands dan de true magician, all the magic fly away."

"Oh, you humbug," said Ira, one night; "you and your magic be bothered."

"Missa Staines," replied Ching-Ching, "I'm very much bothered by all ob you. You tink dat de tree in de flower pot; suppose me bring him out ob a rum cask?"

"I should very much like to see that!" said Ira Staines.

"Praps you would, sar," replied Ching-Ching, grinning all over; "but you won't. No; de genlymen dat believe not'ing, deserve not'ing."

A fortnight of this sort of life sped away, and the only objects which broke the even tenor of their way were a few merchant vessels, which invariably, on perceiving the Belvedere, put the helm up, and made off with all speed. Once a man-of-war showed above the horizon, but it either did not see our hero's craft, or had other work on hand which admitted of no delay, for it kept steadily upon its course and in half an hour was gone.

At length, all grew impatient for something to do; men of action abhor a life of inactivity, and the Belvederes, from the captain to the cabin boy, felt their blood growing sluggish for the want of a little fighting. One afternoon the looked for excitement came.

Tom discovered a craft upon their lee, "sneaking" along in a suspicious manner, and Harry, on being apprised of it, gave orders to pursue. As soon as the Belvedere turned her bows in his direction, the stranger hoisted all canvas and made off.

"What is she?" asked Ira.

"Too low in her hull to be a merchant-man," replied Tom, "and not well armed enough to be a pirate. A slaver, I reckon."

"Curse all slavers, Harry, say I!" rejoined Ira; "so here's after him."

The breeze was fresh, and in the favor of the Belvedere, and in half an hour it was apparent they were fast overhauling the stranger.

The slaver was a fast vessel, but the gallant Belvedere was faster.

Save for the desire he had to crush all such villains as slave-dealers, Harry took no interest in the pursuit, and left the conducting of it to Tom and Ira.

Three or four of the guns were loaded, but the deck was not generally cleared for action—the slaver was not worth the trouble.

Samson was particularly furious when the slave question came about, for he had suffered by it—his father and he having been stolen from their native land, and sold to a dealer, who in turn separated them, and sent one to America and the other Heaven alone knows where. He never saw or heard of his father again.

"Chingy," he said, feeling the edge of his cutlass, "I jest want to get hold ob de capen ob de slaver, jest one minute."

"You will hab de chance, Sammy," replied Ching-Ching. "Wonder where Witta is?"

The wise man answered for himself by coming upon the deck, and, in reply to Ching-Ching, said that he had been down to ask Bettie to give the Belvedere good luck. Just a word about Bettie is here necessary. When Witta came on board it was night, and the wise man being put in the cabin of Samson and Ching-Ching, had put away his idol unobserved by everybody. The men who had been on the expedition to the Mandingoe country forgot all about it, and Bill Grunt, Cutten, and the others had never seen it. We mention this, as something in the future hangs upon it.

"I tink dat you hab better ax sumfin berrer dan a wooden doll," said Ching-Ching, scornfully. "Cut him up into sticks."

Witta shook his head. The superstition he himself had raised was getting a stronger hold upon himself every day. The engineer was being hoist with his own petard.

The chance of escape for the slaver began to grow hopeless; the only hope he had lay in the possibility—somewhat remote—of the wind dropping suddenly and rising again in the night, when he might go about and make an attempt to sheer off.

It was the ship of the Frenchman, Cartouche, and as that worthy walked the deck, feeling his case growing each moment worse, he betrayed all the excitability of his nation, and groaned and swore most villainously.

The crew were more phlegmatic, but they were very gloomy. Hans—a big, burly man—sat upon the deck, slowly sharpening a knife upon the side of his left foot.

"Sacre!" hissed Cartouche, pausing before him; "vat shall be de good of all dat?"

"I'll have a cut at him afore I die," replied Hans.

"A cut at him—fah!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "You are big and strong—a giant of flesh—and he is but a boy, but he shall look at you, and you shall fall down dead. It is the Belvedere."

"The best o' ships and the best o' men come to an end at last," growled Hans, "and I mean to have a stab at him."

"It will be madness to fight, my good Hans."

"Don't fight, then," said Hans, "but give in, and as soon as I get behind him, I'll leave the Belvedere without a captain."

"Good! good!" cried Cartouche, who saw in this the prospect of revenge without risk to his own neck. "Ah, he shall pay dearly for robbing me of me leetle ship, and her very good cargo!"

"Chuck the cargo overboard," growled Hans.

"No, no," returned Cartouche, with a cunning leer, "de captain of de Belvedere would never forgive dat. I deal in slaves, but I do not murder—I am de merciful captain. Oh! so vary merciful."

A gun from the Belvedere now called upon him to stop, and the merciful captain, who was also prudent, hauled his canvas in, and a boat from the Belvedere came alongside.

Ira Staines was in command, and with him were Samson and Ching-Ching. Samson was in anything but a humorous mood, and his dark eyes glittered with fury.

Cartouche received them obviously, bowing himself fairly to the deck.

"Welcome," he said, "to my leetle ship."

"No doubt," replied Ira, dryly, "Now, then, what's your cargo?"

"Passengers," replied Cartouche.

"White or black?"

"They shall be all black."

"So I thought," said Ira, composedly. "Unwilling passengers. Now, I dare say that none of them move much about, and would be glad to be put ashore. Have you any objection?"

"None, sar."

"Or to give up your command?"

"Oh! sar, I shall be proud for you to conduct my leetle ship."

"What a very obliging party you are."

Hans, who had mistaken Ira for our hero, drew nearer. Ching-Ching, who had been looking about him carelessly, became suddenly interested in his movements.

"As you are so polite," continued Ira, "perhaps you will oblige me further."

"Oh, sar, so very pleased."

"Then go below with your men and don't show your noses again until you are sent for."

"Oh, sar, with pleasure."

He bowed again, and Hans, now well behind Ira, raised his knife to strike. Ching-Ching sprang forward, and, just as the blade grazed Ira's skin, knocked the would-be murderer down.

"You very bad man," said Ching-Ching, coolly sitting upon him. "Oh, what a bad farder you must hab had to learn such evil ways."

Hans gave a violent kick, and Ching-Ching, putting a hand upon his throat, gave him a grip which made him gasp for breath. "What's all this about?" exclaimed Ira, rubbing the spot where the knife had grazed his skin.

"Dis genlyman," replied Ching-Ching, "want to make you a present ob dis knife, holding it up; but me so cubetous dat me lay hold on him."

"I thank you, gentle Chingy," said Ira, "and I shall not forget it. Now, you scoundrel, what do you mean by it?"

"Aye! vat you mean by it?"

"I mean that I meant to have your life," scowled Hans, "and that he," pointing to Cartouche, "knew that I was going to do it."

"Vat you say, you liar?" demanded Cartouche.

"I say what I mean, and mean what I say," replied Hans.

Cartouche rolled up his eyes, and Ira Staines gently smiled.

"Outraged virtue and good will embodied in a rascally Frenchman," he said; "there are a pair of you. Now, my men, open the hatchway where the slaves are, and pitch them down."

Hans turned ghastly pale, and Cartouche fell upon his knees shrieking.

"Not dat—not dat!" he cried; "spare me from dat!"

"Down with them!" said Ira sternly; and two men lifting the hatchway the others cast them down.

The moment the hatchway was lifted, a yell from below arose. It was like the cry of the accursed in the bottomless pit; and Ira, who had no heart, as we know, stopped his ears.

"Poor wretches!" he murmured; "it would be dangerous to loose them now. They would not know friend from foe, and they must bear misery awhile."

He sent the boat back to the Belvedere for orders, and Harry desired him to keep in the course they had been pursuing, promising to show a light in the stern for him to follow by at night. Sail was accordingly hoisted, and Ira Staines, with twenty men, and Samson and Ching-Ching, followed the gallant Belvedere.

That night two persons resolved to take advantage of the absence of the Chinaman and his friend, to inspect their cabin. These were Bill Grunt and Cutten; and, having made friends with Witta, they plied him with rum until his brain became quite hazy, and he fell asleep. This desirable event coming off about midnight, the two conspirators stole softly towards the cabin.

"They've played many a joke on us," said old Cutten, "and we'll play one on 'em now. That'll make up for everything."

"We will," said Bill Grunt; "and we'll prig that conjuring box, and see what is inside it. But go along easy; the capen musn't 'ear about this sort of thing, as Samson in pertickler is a great favorite of his."

"Easy does it then," said old Cutten, as he tried the door. It opened, and they both went in.

"That's the box there in the corner," said Bill, holding up the lantern. "Good Lord! murder!"

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"Look—look! The—the—Old Un!"

It was only poor Bettie, which Bill and Cutten had never seen, standing upon the top of the box, like some monstrous genii guarding a treasure; but in the dim light its uncouth proportions and goggle eyes looked simply awful.

Old Cutten looked—beheld—turned and fled, bellowing like a bull. As he tore up the companion he met Tom True, who was coming down to see what the row was about.

"Have you lost your senses?" he asked. "Is tife Belvedere on fire?"

"Oh, help! save us!" gasped Old Cutten. "It's the—the—"

"Yes, it is, sir," added Bill Grunt, coming up. "I allers said that Ching-Ching had dealings with him, and now he's there."

"Dealings with whom—and where is he?" demanded Tom.

"The—you know—the Evil One," said

Bill, pointing below. "He's in the cabin as the capen set apart for them there two aggravating willains."

"Give me the lantern," said Tom, "and let me have a look at him."

"Don't, sir," pleaded the boatswain; "it ain't safe."

"Give me the lantern."

"If you walley your life, sir," urged Old Cutten, "don't put your nose inside the door."

Tom took hold of the lantern and marched towards the cabin. Bill Grunt and old Cutten, losing all power in their legs, sat upon the stairs and trembled in the dark.

Intently they listened for the death-cry of Tom True.

"He must be killed outright," gasped Bill Grunt.

A gasping sound came towards them. He was evidently in the grasp of the enemy, and having his life choked out of him. Neither of them could move a limb to try to help him.

"Awful," gasped the boatswain.

"It's terrible," groaned old Cutten; "shriek, Bill—shriek for help."

"Hold your row there," said Tom True, coming quietly back; "there's nothing to howl about. It is only a ghost. I've spoken to it, and I've ascertained who it is."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Bill; "who may it be?"

"Yes, Mr. True," added Cutten; "who is it?"

"The ghost of Ching-Ching's father," replied Tom. "Go back to your hammocks, and leave the cabin alone."

Neither of them had the slightest notion of returning to that awful place, and, hurrying to their hammocks, they got under the clothes, burying their very noses in fear. Ching-Ching's property for the present was safe.

CHAPTER LIII.

CHOOSING A SERVANT.

THE general opinion, in the minds of ignorant people, of the tribes of Africa is that the men are all of the negro type, with low foreheads, thick lips, and flat noses, but this is an error. Manly beauty is not wanting in that sunny land, some of the races possessing exquisitely-molded forms and features. The Foolahs, for in-

stance, are as unlike the ordinary negro as possible, only resembling him in the color of the skin.

There were many Foolahs on board the slave, and when a suitable spot was found for landing them, and they were commanded to come out of the hold, neither Hand-some Harry nor his officers were at all surprised to see several noble forms among the wretched band which leaped out wildly to embrace the light of day.

They were unarmed, and violence was very little to be feared, but the men had insisted upon a guard of honor to protect their chief. This consisted of half a dozen men with drawn cutlasses.

As soon as the wretched slaves were all out, Harry advanced with a smiling face and outstretched hand. They shrank back from him with terror, fearing treachery lurked beneath the friendly act; but one, more bold than the rest, stood still, and our hero laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Poor fellow," he said, "you look like a famished hound."

He made a sign to one of the men who was standing by with a bag of biscuit, and the man proceeded to serve out food. This sign of true friendship was unmistakable, and the dark sons of Africa drew nigh, and one by one prostrated themselves before Harry, and lightly touched his foot with their foreheads.

The last to advance was a tall black of symmetrical form, with dignity and grace in every movement. He bent the knee, took Harry's Hand and kissed it.

"That's a smart fellow," said Tom True to Ira.

"He bery much like my—" began Ching-Ching.

"Oh, your father, of course," interrupted Tom. "Get out of the way!"

"No, sir," said Ching-Ching, mildly; "he not a bit like my fader, but he de image ob my big brudder, who was de greatest warrior in all Pekin. I member one night, when de trumpet sound to tell us dat the enemy reproach."

"What enemy?" asked Ira.

"Napolem, de French Jews' harper," replied Ching-Ching. "He bring five hundred thousand men to Pekin, and march straight ober eberybody, until he meet my big brudder standing at de corner ob de street. 'Who am dis?' asked Napolem, turning so white he look like chalk image."

'Dat Ching-Ching's brudder,' whisper one ob him officers. Den Napolem get a kind ob staggers, and go round two or three times on one leg. 'Get back, some ob you,' he say, 'or I sha'n't hab a man left, and de glory ob France will be dubble up;' so he went back, and Pekin was saved."

"This is the first time," said Ira, "that I ever heard of the Emperor Napoleon going to China."

"Praps you don't beliebe me, sar?" asked Ching-Ching.

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Den, sar," said Ching-Ching, bowing low, "you ax my big brudder—when you meet him!"

Samson, who had not the least doubt as to Ching-Ching's veracity, was very much impressed with the narrative, and rather shuddered at the notion of meeting with such a redoubtable person as the brother of his friend; but Bill Grunt, in audible tones expressed his unqualified disbelief in the whole thing.

"It's my opinion," he said, in a sort of loud soliloquy, "that that Chinees chap ain't got no brother; more, he ain't got no uncle; more, he ain't got no father and mother; and for arf a quid of tobacco I'd take a oath that he never had one on 'em. Riddle me with grape shot if I wouldn't?"

The soliloquy fell flat, as it should have done, upon the ears of the listeners, and Ching-Ching shook his right leg behind him in derision of the boatswain. It was a favorite action of his, very little in itself, but full of meaning.

A discovery was now made in the hold, and Cartouche and Hans, in a fainting condition were brought upon deck. They had suffered very much, and had been most terribly mauled and trampled upon, but they were not injured fatally.

"Who are these?" asked Harry.

Ira explained.

"Put them in irons," said our hero; "but first give them a restorative. Treat them with all kindness, but justice must be done."

The other members of the crew, whom Harry looked upon as simply instruments of Cartouche, were offered service in the Belvedere, several vacancies having arisen through sickness. They gladly accepted, and the Belvedere, with its slaver consort, made towards the coast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Killed by Bees.

LUKE WHITTAKER lives with his wife eight miles back from Bushkill, Pa., in the Pike county woods. He has always kept several hives of bees in his yard, a number of hunting dogs, and several pigs. His dog kennels were only a few rods from the bee hives. There had never been any trouble between the bees and the dogs or pigs, but the other day one of the swarms took offense at one of the dogs for some reason, and suddenly came out of their hive in a body and attacked the dog. They covered him completely, and soon stung him to death.

The yells of the poor dog, which was chained to the kennel, seemed to arouse the bees in the other hives, and one swarm after another came out and attacked the other dogs. The great commotion at the kennels drew Mrs. Whittaker's attention to them, and, discovering the trouble, she ran out with the intention of untying the dogs, so they could escape from the bees. As she approached the kennels one of the swarms of bees attacked her and drove her, almost blinded by their stingers, back into the house. The struggles of one of the dogs broke its chain, and it escaped to the woods, and has not been seen since. The rest of the dogs were stung to death.

After killing the dogs the bees turned their attention to three little pigs in a pen and two old hogs in another pen. The little pigs were smart enough to bury themselves in some straw, and thus saved their lives. The big pigs were stung to death. The bees then returned to their hives, it being near night.

That night Whittaker turned the fumes of sulphur into the hives and smothered all the bees. They had killed \$200 worth of dogs and \$50 worth of pork.

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THE HAUNTED SWING.

THE supreme happiness of sitting in a swing which apparently whirls around its points of support, giving the occupant what is most properly described as a new sensation, may be enjoyed by all. A patent recently granted to Aramiah Lake, of Pleasantville, N. J., describes the illusion which we illustrate. It is termed the haunted swing, and has been in most successful operation at Atlantic City, and at the Midwinter Fair near San Francisco. Those who are to participate in the apparent gyrations of the swing—and there may be quite a number who enjoy it simultaneous-

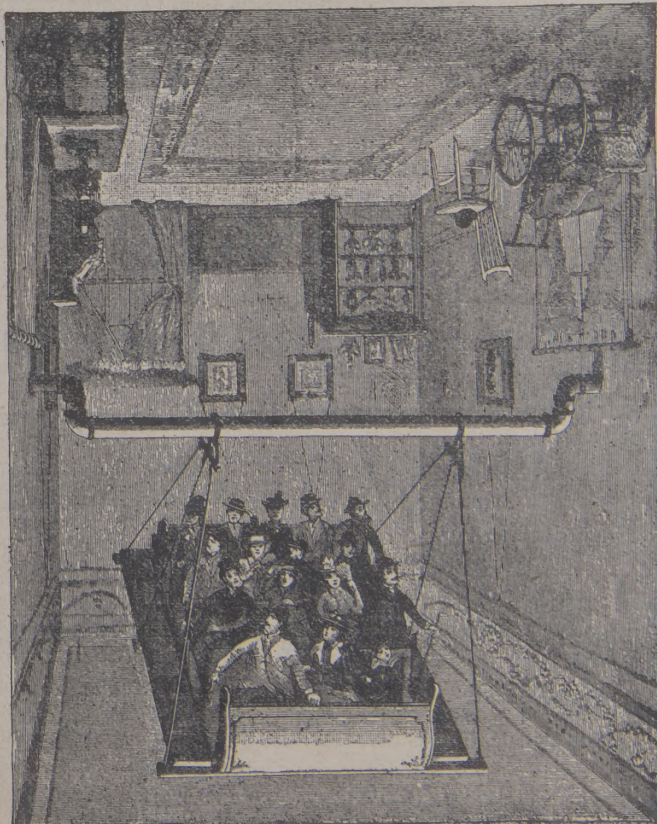
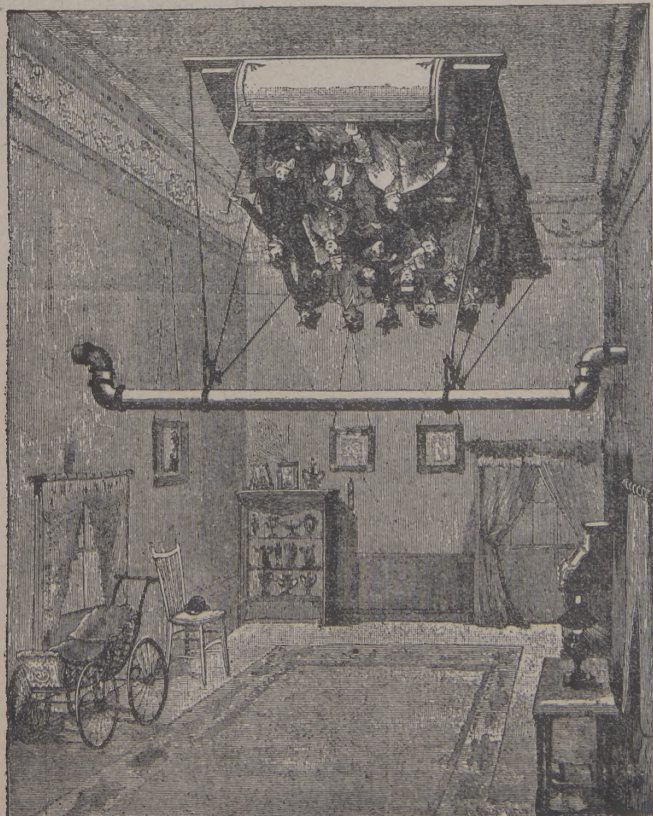
ly—are ushered into a small room. From a bar crossing the room, near the ceiling, hangs a large swing, which is provided with seats for a number of people. After the people have taken their places, the attendant pushes the car and it starts into oscillation like any other swing. The room door is closed. Gradually those in it feel after three or four movements that their swing is going rather high, but this is not all. The apparent amplitude of the oscillations increases more and more, until presently the whole swing seems to whirl completely over, describing a full circle about the bar on which it hangs. To make the thing more utterly mysterious, the bar

is bent crank fashion, so that it seems demonstrably impossible for the swing to pass between bar and ceiling. It continues apparently to go round and round this way, imparting a most weird sensation to the occupants, until its movements begin gradually to cease and the complete rotation is succeeded by the usual back and forth swinging, and in a few seconds, as the children say, "the old cat dies." The door of the room is opened and the swinging party leave. Those who have tried it say the sensation is most peculiar and the deception perfect.

The illusion is based on the movements of the room proper. During the entire ex-

hibition the swing is practically stationary, while the room rotates about the suspending bar. At the beginning of operations the swing may be given a slight push; the operators outside the room then begin to swing the room itself, which is really a large box journaled on the swing bar, starting it off to correspond with the movements of the swing. They swing it back and forth, increasing the arc through which it moves until it goes so far as to make a complete rotation. The operatives do this without special machinery, taking hold of the sides and corners of the box or "room." At this time the people in the swing imagine that the room is stationary while they are whirling through space. After keeping this up for some time, the movement is brought gradually to a stop, a sufficient number of back and forth swings being given at the finale to carry out the illusion to the end.

The room is as completely furnished as possible, everything being of course fastened in place. What is apparently a kerosene lamp stands on a table near at hand. It is securely fastened to the table, which in its turn is fastened to the floor, and the light is supplied by a small incandescent lamp within the chimney but concealed by the shade. The visitor never imagines that it is an electric lamp, and naturally thinks that it would be impossible for a kerosene lamp to be inverted without disaster, so that this adds to the deception materially. The same is to be said of the pictures hanging on the wall, of the cupboard full of chinaware, of the chair with a hat on it, and of the baby. All contribute to the mystification. Although one is informed of the secret before entering the swing, the deception is said to be so complete that passengers involuntarily seize the arms of the seats to avoid being precipitated below. Our drawings are prepared from sketches made at the Midwinter Fair in California.—Scientific American.



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If any reader of HAPPY DAYS desires to become a philatelist, which means a collector of rare stamps, now is his time. We give him the opportunity, for we have bought of a well-known stamp company a large lot of foreign postage stamps which we propose to distribute among the readers of HAPPY DAYS.

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A FORTUNE

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Cut these coupons out, and when you have them all, from 1 to 15, send them to this office and you will receive the stamps by return mail.

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Be Sure and Follow Directions as Printed Below.

You will find on page 2 of this paper a blank circle.

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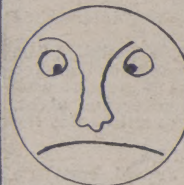
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Funniest. \$5.00 for the 5th Funniest.

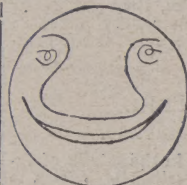
The faces must be drawn with a pen in black ink. Those drawn with pencil will not be accepted.

In drawing the faces you must not use more than four distinct pen movements in circles, curves, or whatever you may choose.

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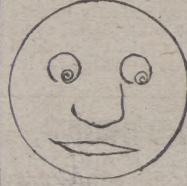
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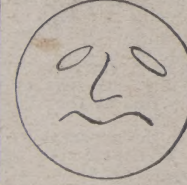
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